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Contains –

1. Several title. 1761
2. The Wanderer.
3. Verses. first printed 1730.
4. The Bastard. first printed 1727.
5. Five Epistles. 1758.
6. Manners. by Mr. Whitehead. 1739.
7. The State Prince. 1739.

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"A rare volume."

M.S. note by Mr. Dyce in his copy at S. Kensington

W.F.P.

See letter inserted loosely by St. Col. Sheldrake.

In this copy the Preface to 'The [illegible]' is not in front of 'The Wanderer [illegible]' in its proper place. (see letter.)

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VARIOUS

POEMS.

The WANDERER, a moral Poem.

The TRIUMPH of MIRTH and HEALTH.

AND

The BASTARD.

BY THE LATE

RICHARD SAVAGE, Esq.

To which is prefixed

A PREFACE,

Giving some ACCOUNT of them.

LONDON,

Printed for J. TURNER, near the *Tower*; and sold by all Booksellers in Town and Country.

MDCCLXI.

[Price Two Shillings sewed.]

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PREFACE.

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THE

PREFACE.

IT may perhaps be expected I ſhould give ſome Account of the unfortunate Author of the following beautiful Poems; but as this is already done in a maſterly Manner, by the excellent Author of the *Rambler*, I ſhall refer my Readers to that elegant Writer for the Series of Misfortunes, and remarkable Circumſtances which diſtinguiſhed the Life of Mr. *Savage*, and only ſpeak of the ſeveral Pieces now before us.

The *Wanderer* was publiſhed by Mr. *Savage* in 1729, at a Period of his Life when he was ſurrounded by Affluence and Plea-

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It was always considered by himself as his Master-piece, and Mr. *Pope* † when he asked his Opinion of it, told him, that he read it once over, and was not displeased with it; that it gave him more Pleasure at the second Perusal, and delighted him still more at the third.

It has indeed been generally objected to the *Wanderer*, that the Disposition of the Parts is irregular, that the Design is obscure, and the Plan is perplexed; that the Images, however beautiful, succeed each other without Order; and that the whole Performance is not so much a regular Fabric, as a Heap of shining Materials thrown together by Accident, which strikes rather with the solemn Magnificence of a stupendous Ruin, than the elegant Grandeur of a finished Pile.

† See his Life, Page 65.

This

This Critic is Universal, and therefore is reasonable to believe it at least in a great degree just. But the *Wanderer* was never designed to abound with strong Representations of Nature, and just Observations upon Life, and it may easily be observed, that most of his Pictures have an evident Tendency to illustrate his first great Position, *That Good is the Consequence of Evil.* The Sun that burns up the Mountains, fructifies the Vales, the Deluge that rushes down the broken Rocks with dreadful Impetuosity, is separated into purling Brooks, and the Rage of the Hurricane purifies the Air.

This must at least be acknowledged, which ought to be thought equivalent to many other Excellencies, that the *Wanderer* can promote no other Purposes than those of Virtue, and that it is written with a very strong Sense of the Efficacy of Religion.

But

But my Province is rather to give the History of Mr. *Savage*'s Pieces before us, than to display their Beauties, or to vindicate the Criticisms which they have occasioned; I shall therefore not dwell upon the particular Passages which deserve Applause. I shall neither shew the Excellence of his Descriptions, nor expatiate on the terrific Portrait of Suicide introduced in the second Canto, nor point out the artful Touches by which he has distinguished the intellectual Features of the Rebels, who suffer Death in his last Canto. It is, however, proper to observe, that Mr. *Savage* always declared the Characters wholly Fictitious, and without the least Allusion to any real Persons or Actions.

The next Piece Mr. *Savage* published was *The Triumph of Health and Mirth*, on the Recovery of Lady *Tyrconnel*, from a languishing Illness. This Performance is remarkable, not only for the Gaiety of the

Ideas

Ideas, and the Melody of the Numbers but for the agreeable Fiction upon which it is founded. *Maria* overwhelmed with Sorrow, for the Sickness of her Favourite, takes a Flight in quest of her Sister *Health*, whom she finds reclined upon the Brow of a lofty Mountain, amidst the Fragrance of perpetual Spring, with the Breezes of the Morning sporting about her. Being follicited by her Sister *Mirth*, she readily promises her Assistance, flies away in a Cloud, and impregnates the Waters of *Bath* with new Virtues, by which the Sickness of *Belinda* is relieved.

The next Performance is the *Bastard*, a Poem remarkable for the vivacious Sallies of Thought in the Beginning, where he makes a pompous Enumeration of the imaginary Advantages of base Birth, and the pathetic Sentiments at the End, where he recounts the real Calamities which he suffered by the Crime of his Parents.

The

The Vigour and Spirit of the Verſes, the peculiar Circumſtances of the Author, the Novelty of the Subject, and the Notoriety of the Story, to which the Additions are made, procured this Piece a very favourable Reception; great Numbers were immediately diſperſed, and Editions were multiplied with unuſual Rapidity.

The Sale of this Poem was always mentioned by Mr. *Savage* with the utmoſt Elevation, of Heart, and refered to by him as an inconteſtable Proof of a general Acknowledgment of his Abilities.

Many other Particulars might be enumerated concerning the Writings of Mr. *Savage*, but to recount them all, would extend this Preface to an uncommon Length. I muſt therefore, once more, refer the curious Reader to Mr. *Johnſon's* excellent Account of his Life, where his Curioſity will be

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PREFACE.

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be amply gratified, and shall conclude by observing, that great Care has been taken to give the following Pieces as correct as possible; and it is presumed, that their former Scarcity will render them no unacceptable Present to the Public.

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THE

WANDERER:

A

POEM.

IN FIVE CANTOS.

By RICHARD SAVAGE, *Son of the late Earl* RIVERS.

Nulla mali *nova mi facies inopinave surgit.* Virg.

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To the Right Honourable

JOHN,

Lord Viſcount TYRCONNEL, Baron CHARLEVILLE, and Lord BROWNLOWE, Knight of the BATH.

My LORD,

PART of this POEM had the Honour of your Lordſhip's Peruſal when in Manuſcript, and it was no ſmall Pride to me, when it met with Approbation from ſo diſtinguiſhing a Judge: Should the reſt find the like Indulgence, I ſhall have no Occaſion (what-

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ever its Succeſs may be in the World) to repent the Labour it has coſt me, — But my Intention is not to purſue a Diſcourſe on my own Performance; No, my Lord, it is to embrace this Opportunity of throwing out Sentiments that relate to your Lordſhip's Goodneſs, the Generoſity of which, give me Leave to ſay, I have greatly experienced.

I offer it not as a new Remark, that Dependance on the Great, in former Times, generally terminated in Diſappointment; nay, even their Bounty (if it could be called ſuch) was, in its very Nature, ungenerous. It was, perhaps, with-held through an indolent, or wilful Neglect, 'till thoſe, who lingered in the Want of it, grew almoſt paſt the Senſe of Comfort. At length it came, too often, in a manner that half cancelled the Obligation, and, perchance, muſt

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muſt have been acquired too by ſome previous Act of Guilt in the Receiver, the Conſequence of which was Remorſe and Infamy.

But *that I live*, my Lord, is a Proof that Dependance on your Lordſhip, and the preſent Miniſtry, is an Aſſurance of Succeſs. I am perſuaded, Diſtreſs, in many other Inſtances, affects your Soul with a Compaſſion, that always ſhews itſelf in a Manner moſt humane and active; that to forgive Injuries, and confer Benefits, is your Delight; and that to deſerve your Friendſhip is to deſerve the Countenance of the beſt of Men: To be admitted into the Honour of your Lordſhip's Converſation (permit me to ſpeak but Juſtice) is to be elegantly introduced into the moſt inſtructive, as well as entertaining, Parts of Literature; it is to be furniſhed with the fineſt Ob-

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ſervations upon human Nature, and to receive, from the moſt unaſſuming, ſweet, and winning Candour, the worthieſt and moſt polite Maxims —— Such as are always enforced by the Actions of your own Life. I could alſo take Notice of your many public-ſpirited Services to your Country in Parliament, and your conſtant Attachment to Liberty, and the Royal, Illuſtrious Houſe of our Moſt *Gracious Sovereign*; But, my Lord, believe me, your own Deeds are the nobleſt and fitteſt Orators to ſpeak your Praiſe, and will elevate it far beyond the Power of a much abler Writer than I am.

I will therefore turn my View from your Lordſhip's Virtues to the kind Influence of them, which has been ſo lately ſhed upon me; and then, if my future Morals and Writings ſhall gain any

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any Approbation from Men of Parts and Probity, I muſt acknowledge all to be the Product of your Lordſhip's Goodneſs to me. I muſt, in fine, ſay with *Horace*,

Quod ſpiro, & placeo, (ſi placeo) tuum eſt.

I am, with the higheſt Gratitude and Veneration,

My LORD,

Your Lordſhip's moſt Dutiful

And Devoted Servant,

R. SAVAGE.

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THE WANDERER.

A VISION.

IN FIVE CANTOS.

CANTO I.

FAIN would my Verſe, TYRCONNEL, boaſt thy Name,
BROWNLOW, at once my Subject, and my Fame!
Oh! could that Spirit, which thy Boſom warms,
Whoſe Strength ſurprizes, and whoſe Goodneſs charms!
That various Worth! could that inſpire my Lays,
Envy ſhould ſmile, and Cenſure learn to praiſe:
Yet, tho' unequal to a Soul like thine,
A generous Soul, approaching to Divine,

When

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When bleſs'd beneath ſuch Patronage I write,
Great my Attempt, tho' hazardous my Flight.

O'er ample Nature I extend my Views;
Nature to rural Scenes invites the Muſe:
She flies all public Care, all venal Striſe,
To try the *Still*, compar'd with *Active* Life;
To prove, by theſe the Sons of Men may owe
The Fruits of Bliſs to burſting Clouds of Woe;
That ev'n Calamity, by Thought refin'd,
Inſpirits, and adorns the thinking Mind.

Come, CONTEMPLATION, whoſe unbounded Gaze,
Swift in a Glance, the Courſe of Things ſurveys;
Who in *Thy-ſelf* the various View can'ſt find
Of Sea, Land, Air, and Heav'n, and human Kind;
What Tides of Paſſion in the Boſom roll;
What Thoughts debaſe, and what exalt the Soul;
Whoſe Pencil paints, obſequious to thy Will,
All thou ſurvey'ſt, with a creative Skill!
Oh, leave a-while thy lov'd, ſequeſter'd Shade!
A-while in wintry Wilds vouchſafe thy Aid!
Then waft me to ſome olive, bow'ry Green;
Where, cloath'd in white, thou ſhew'ſt a Mind ſerene;
Where kind *Content* from Noiſe and Court retires,
And ſmiling ſits, while Muſes tune their Lyres:
Where *Zephyrs* gently breathe, while *Sleep* profound
To their ſoft Fanning nods, with Poppies crown'd,

Sleep

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Sleep on a Treaſure of bright Dreams reclines,
By *thee* beſtow'd; whence *Fancy* colour'd ſhines,
And flutters round his Brow a hov'ring Flight,
Varying her Plumes in viſionary Light.

The ſolar Fires now faint and watry burn,
Juſt where with Ice *Aquarius* frets his Urn!
If thaw'd, forth iſſue, from its Mouth ſevere,
Raw Clouds, that ſadden all th'inverted Year.

When FROST and FIRE with martial Pow'rs engag'd,
FROST, Northward, fled the War, unequal wag'd!
Beneath the Pole his Legions urg'd their Flight,
And gain'd a Cave profound and wide as Night.
O'er chearleſs Scenes by Deſolation own'd,
High on an Alp of Ice he ſits enthron'd!
One clay-cold Hand, his cryſtal Beard, ſuſtains,
And ſcepter'd One, o'er Wind, and Tempeſt, reigns;
O'er ſtony Magazines of Hail, that ſtorm
The bloſſom'd Fruit, and flow'ry Spring deform.
His languid Eyes, like frozen Lakes, appear,
Dim-gleaming all the Light, that wanders here.
His Robe ſnow-wrought, and hoar'd with Age; his Breath
A nitrous Damp, that ſtrikes petrific Death.

Far hence lies, ever freez'd, the Northern Main,
That checks, and renders Navigation vain;

That

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That, ſhut againſt the Sun's diſſolving Ray,
Scatters the trembling Tides of vanquiſh'd Day,
And ſtretching *Eaſtward* half the World ſecures,
Defies Diſcov'ry, and like Time endures!

Now FROST ſent Boreal Blaſts to ſcourge the Air,
To bind the Streams, and leave the Landſcape bare;
Yet when *far-weſt*, his Violence declines;
Tho' here the Brook, or Lake, his Pow'r confines;
To rocky Pools, to Cat'racts are unknown
His Chains! —— to Rivers, rapid like the *Rhone!*

The falling Moon caſt Cold, a quiv'ring Light,
Juſt ſilver'd o'er the Snow, and ſunk! —— Pale Night
Retir'd. The Dawn in light-grey Miſts aroſe!
Shrill chants the Cock! — the hungry Heifer lows!
Slow bluſh yon breaking Clouds; — the Sun's uproll'd!
Th' expanſive *Grey* turns Azure, chac'd with Gold;
White-glitt'ring Ice, chang'd like the *Topaz*, gleams,
Reflecting ſaffron Luſtre from his Beams.

O *Contemplation*, teach me to explore,
From *Britain* far remote, ſome diſtant Shore!
From *Sleep* a Dream diſtinct and lively claim;
Clear let the Viſion ſtrike the Moral's Aim!
It comes! I feel it o'er my Soul ſerene!
Still *Morn* begins, and *Froſt* retains the Scene!

Hark!

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Hark!—the loud Horn's enlivening Note's begun!
From Rock to Vale ſweet-wandring Echoes run!
Still floats the Sound ſhrill-winding from afar!
Wild Beaſts aſtoniſh'd dread the Sylvan War!
Spears to the Sun in Files embattled play,
March on, charge briſkly, and enjoy the Fray!

Swans, Ducks, and Geeſe, and the wing'd, Winter Brood,
Chatter diſcordant on yon echoing Flood!
At *Babel* thus, when Heav'n the Tongue confounds,
Sudden a thouſand different, jargon Sounds,
Like jangling Bells, harſh mingling, grate the Ear!
All ſtare! all talk! all mean; but none cohere!
Mark! wiley Fowlers meditate their Doom,
And ſmoaky *Fate* ſpeeds thund'ring thro' the Gloom!
Stop'd ſhort, they ceaſe in airy Rings to fly,
Whirl o'er, and o'er, and, flutt'ring, fall and die.

Still Fancy wafts me on! deceiv'd I ſtand,
Eſtrang'd, advent'rous on a foreign Land!
Wide and more wide extends the Scene unknown!
Where ſhall I turn, a *Wand'rer*, and alone?

From hilly Wilds, and Depths where Snows remain,
My winding Steps up a ſteep Mountain ſtrain!
Emers'd a-top I mark the Hills ſubſide,
And Towr's aſpire, but with inferior Pride!

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On this bleak Height tall Firs, with Ice-work crown'd,
Bend, while their flaky Winter ſhades the Ground!
Hoarſe, and direct, a bluſt'ring North-wind blows!
On Boughs, thick-ruſtling, crack the criſpid Snows!
Tangles of Froſt half fright the wilder'd Eye,
By Heat oft blacken'd like a low'ring Sky!
Hence down the Side two turbid Riv'lets pour,
And devious two, in one huge Cat'ract, roar!
While pleas'd the wat'ry Progreſs I purſue,
Yon Rocks in rough Aſſemblage ruſh in View!
In Form an Amphitheatre they riſe;
And a dark Gulph in their broad Centre lies.
There the dim'd Sight with dizzy Weakneſs fails,
And Horror o'er the firmeſt Brain prevails!
Thither theſe Mountain-ſtreams their Paſſage take,
Headlong foam down, and form a dreadful Lake!
The Lake, high-ſwelling, ſo redundant grows,
From the heap'd Store deriv'd, a River flows;
Which deep'ning travels through a diſtant Wood,
And thence emerging, meets a Siſter-flood;
Mingled they flaſh on a wide-opening Plain,
And paſs yon City to the far-ſeen Main.

So blend two Souls by Heav'n for Union made,
And ſtrength'ning forward, lend a mutual Aid,
And prove in ev'ry tranſient Turn their Aim,
Thro' finite Life to infinite the ſame.

Nor

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Nor ends the Landſcape — Ocean, to my Sight,
Points a blue Arm, where ſailing Ships delight,
In Proſpect leſſen'd! — Now new Rocks, rear'd high,
Stretch a croſs Ridge, and bar the curious Eye;
There lies obſcur'd the ripening Diamond's Ray,
And thence red-branching Coral's rent away.
In conic Form there gelid Cryſtal grows;
Thro' ſuch the Palace-Lamp, gay Luſtre throws!
Luſtre, which, thro' dim Night, as various plays,
As play from yonder Snows the changeful Rays!
For nobler Uſe the Cryſtal's Worth may riſe,
If Tubes perſpective hem the ſpotleſs Prize;
Thro' theſe the Beams of the far-lengthen'd Eye
Meaſure known Stars, and new remoter ſpy.
Hence *Commerce* many a ſhorten'd Voyage ſteers,
Shorten'd to Months, the Hazard once of Years;
Hence HALLEY's Soul etherial Flight eſſays;
Inſtructive there from Orb to Orb ſhe ſtrays;
Sees, round new countleſs Suns, new Syſtems roll!
Sees God in *All!* and magnifies the Whole!
Yon rocky Side enrich'd the Summer Scene,
And Peaſant's Search with Herbs of healthful Green;
Now naked, pale, and comfortleſs it lies,
Like Youth extended cold in Death's Diſguiſe.
There, while without the ſounding Tempeſt ſwells,
Incav'd ſecure th'exulting Eagle dwells;

And

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And there, when Nature owns prolific Spring,
Spreads o'er her Young a fondling Mother's Wing.
Swains on the Coaſt the far-fam'd Fiſh deſcry,
That gives the fleecy Robe the *Tyrian* Dye;
While Shells, a ſcatter'd Ornament beſtow;
The tinctur'd Rivals of the ſhow'ry Bow.
Yon limeleſs Sands, looſe-driving with the Wind,
In future Cauldrons uſeful Texture find,
Till, on the Furnace thrown, the glowing Maſs
Brightens, and bright'ning hardens into Glaſs.
When Winter Halcyons, flick'ring on the Wave,
Tune their Complaints, yon Sea forgets to rave;
Tho' laſh'd by Storms, which naval Pride o'erturn,
The foaming Deep in Sparkles ſeems to burn,
Loud Winds turn Zephyrs to enlarge their Notes,
And each ſafe Neſt on a calm Surface floats.

Now veers the Wind full Eaſt; and keen, and ſore,
Its cutting Influence akes in ev'ry Pore!
How weak thy Fabrick, Man! — A Puff, thus blown,
Staggers thy Strength, and echoes to thy Groan.
A Tooth's minuteſt Nerve let Anguiſh ſeize,
Swift kindred Fibres catch! (ſo frail our Eaſe!)
Pinch'd, pierc'd, and torn, enflam'd, and unaſſuag'd,
They ſmart, and ſwell, and throb, and ſhoot enrag'd!
From Nerve to Nerve fierce flies th'exulting Pain!
— And are we of this mighty Fabrick vain?

Now

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Now my Blood chills! ſcarce thro' my Veins it glides!
Sure on each Blaſt a ſhiv'ring Ague rides!
Warn'd let me this bleak Eminence forſake,
And to the Vale a diff'rent Winding take!

Half I deſcend: My Spirits faſt decay;
A Terraſs now relieves my weary Way.
Cloſe with this Stage a Precipice combines;
Whence ſtill the ſpacious Country far declines!
The Herds ſeem Inſects in the diſtant Glades,
And Men diminiſh'd, as at Noon their Shades!
Thick on this Top o'ergrown for Walks are ſeen
Grey, leafleſs Wood, and winter Greens between!
The red'ning Berry, deep-ting'd Holly ſhows,
And matted Miſleto, the white, beſtows!
Tho' loſt the Banquet of autumnal Fruits,
Tho' on broad Oaks no vernal Umbrage ſhoots;
Theſe Boughs, the ſilenc'd, ſhiv'ring Songſters ſeek!
Theſe foodful Berries fill the hungry Beak.

Beneath appears a Place, all outward bare,
Inward the dreary Manſion of Deſpair!
The Water of the Mountain-Road, half-ſtray'd,
Breaks o'er it wild, and falls a brown Caſcade.

Has Nature this rough, naked Piece deſign'd,
To hold Inhabitant of mortal Kind?

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She has. Approach'd, appears a deep Deſcent,
Which opens in a Rock a large Extent!
And hark! — its hollow Entrance reach'd, I hear
A trampling Sound of Footſteps haſt'ning near!
A death-like Chillneſs thwarts my panting Breaſt:
Soft! the wiſh'd Object ſtands at length confeſt!
Of Youth his Form! — But why with Anguiſh bent?
Why pin'd with ſallow Marks of Diſcontent?
Yet Patience, lab'ring to beguile his Care,
Seems to raiſe Hope, and ſmiles away Deſpair.
Compaſſion in his Eye ſurveys my Grief,
And in his Voice invites me to Relief.
Preventive of thy Call, behold my Haſte,
(He ſays.) Nor let warm Thanks thy Spirits waſte!
All Fear forget — Each Portal I poſſeſs,
Duty wide-opens to receive Diſtreſs.
Oblig'd, I follow, by his Guidance led:
The vaulted Roof re-echoing to our Tread!
And now, in ſquar'd Diviſions, I ſurvey
Chambers ſequeſter'd from the Glare of Day;
Yet needful Lights are taught to intervene,
Thro' Rifts; each forming a perſpective Scene.

In Front a Parlour meets my ent'ring View;
Oppos'd, a Room to ſweet Refection due.
Here my chill'd Veins are warm'd by chippy Fires,
Thro' the bor'd Rock above, the Smoke expires;
Neat,

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Neat, o'er a homely Board, a Napkin's ſpread,
Crown'd with a heapy Caniſter of Bread.
A Maple Cup is next diſpatch'd, to bring
The Comfort of the ſalutary Spring:
Nor mourn we abſent Bleſſings of the Vine,
Here laughs a frugal Bowl of roſy Wine;
And ſav'ry Cates, upon clear Embers caſt,
Lie hiſſing, till ſnatch'd off; a rich Repaſt!
Soon leap my Spirits with enliven'd Pow'r,
And in gay Converſe glides the feaſtful Hour.

The *Hermit*, thus: Thou wonder'ſt at thy Fare:
On me, yon City, kind, beſtows her Care;
Meat for keen Famine, and the gen'rous Juice,
That warms chill'd Life, her Charities produce:
Accept without Reward; unaſk'd 'twas mine;
Here what thy Health requires, as free be thine.
Hence learn that GOD, (who, in the Time of Need,
In frozen Deſarts can the Raven feed)
Well-ſought, will delegate ſome pitying Breaſt,
His ſecond Means, to ſuccour Man diſtreſt.
He paus'd. Deep Thought upon his Aſpect gloom'd;
Then He, with Smile humane, his Voice reſum'd.
I'm juſt inform'd, (and laugh me not to Scorn)
By One unſeen by thee, thou'rt *Engliſh-born*.
Of *England* I——To me the *Britiſh* State
Riſes, in dear Memorial, ever great!

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Here ſtand we conſcious; — Diffidence ſuſpend!
Free flow our Words! — Did ne'er thy Muſe extend
To Groves, where *Contemplation* ſmiles ſerene,
Where Angels viſit, and where Joys convene?
To Groves, where more than mortal Voices riſe,
Catch the rapt Soul, and waft it to the Skies?
This Cave!—Yon Walks!—But, ere I more unfold,
What artful Scenes thy Eyes ſhall here behold,
Think Subjects of my Toil: nor wond'ring gaze!
What cannot *Induſtry* completely raiſe?
Be the whole Earth in one great Landſcape found,
By *Induſtry* is all with Beauty crown'd!
He, He alone, explores the Mine for Gain,
Hues the hard Rock, or harrows up the Plain;
He forms the Sword to ſmite; He ſheaths the Steel,
Draws Health from Herbs, and ſhews the Balm to heal;
Or with loom'd Wool the native Robe ſupplies;
Or bids young Plants in future Foreſts riſe;
Or fells the monarch Oak, which, borne away,
Shall, with new Grace, the diſtant Ocean ſway;
Hence golden *Commerce* views her Wealth encreaſe,
The bliſsful Child of Liberty and Peace.
He ſcoops the ſtubborn *Alps*, and, ſtill employ'd,
Fills, with ſoft fertile Mold, the ſteril Void;
Slop'd up white Rocks, ſmall, yellow Harveſts grow,
And, green on terraſs'd Stages, Vineyards blow!
By him fall Mountains to a level Space,
An *Iſthmus* ſinks, and ſunder'd Seas embrace!

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He founds a City on the naked Shore,
And Deſolation ſtarves the Tract no more.
From the wild Waves he won the *Belgic* Land;
Where wide they foam'd, her Towns and Trafficks ſtand;
He clear'd, manur'd, enlarg'd the furtive Ground,
And firms the Conqueſt with his fenceful Mound.
Ev'n *Mid* the wat'ry World his *Venice* roſe,
Each Fabrick there, as *Pleaſure's* Seat he ſhows!
There Marts, Sports, Councils, are for Action fought,
Landſcapes for Health, and Solitude for Thought.
What Wonder then I by his potent Aid,
A Manſion in a barren Mountain made?
Part thou haſt view'd! —— If further we explore,
Let *Induſtry* deſerve Applauſe the more.

No frowning Care yon bleſt Apartment ſees,
There *Sleep* retires, and finds a Couch of Eaſe.
Kind Dreams, that fly Remorſe, and pamper'd Wealth,
There ſhed the Smiles of Innocence and Health.

Mark! —— Here deſcends a Grot, delighttul Seat!
Which warms ev'n Winter, tempers Summer's Heat!
See! —— Gurgling from a Top, a Spring diſtils!
In mournful Meaſures wind the dripping Rills;
Soft Cooes of diſtant Doves, receiv'd around,
In ſoothing Mixture, ſwell the wat'ry Sound;
And hence the Streamlets ſeek the terraſs Shade,
Within, without, alike to all convey'd.

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Pass on —— New Scenes, by my creative Pow'r,
Invite Reflexion's sweet and solemn Hour.

We enter'd, where, in well-rang'd Order, stood
Th' instructive Volumes of the Wise and Good.
These Friends (said he) tho' I desert Mankind,
Good Angels never would permit behind.
Each Genius, Youth conceals, or Time displays,
I know; each Work some Seraph here conveys,
Retirement thus presents my searchful Thought,
What Heav'n inspir'd, and what the Muse has taught;
What YOUNG Satiric, and Sublime has writ,
Whose Life is Virtue, and whose Muse is Wit.
Rapt I foresee thy * MALLET's early Aim
Shine in full Worth, and shoot at length to Fame.
Sweet Fancy's Bloom in FENTON's Lay appears,
And the ripe Judgment of instructive Years.
In HILL is all, that gen'rous Souls revere,
To Virtue, and the Muse for ever dear:
And THOMSON, in this Praise, thy Merit see,
The Tongue, that praises Merit, praises thee.

These scorn (said I) the *Verse-Wright* of their Age,
Vain of a labour'd, languid, useless Page;
To whose dim Faculty the meaning Song
Is glaring, or obscure, when clear, and strong;

* Author of a Poem, called, *The Excursion.*

Who,

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Who, in cant Phraſes, gives a Work Diſgrace;
His Wit, an Odneſs of his Tone and Face;
Let the weak Malice, nurs'd to an Eſſay,
In ſome low Libel a mean Heart diſplay;
Thoſe, who once prais'd, now, undeceiv'd, deſpiſe,
It lives contemn'd a Day, then harmleſs dies.
Or ſhould ſome nobler Bard, their Worth, unpraiſe,
Deſerting Morals, that adorn his Lays,
Alas! too oft each Science ſhews the ſame,
The great grow jealous of a greater Name:
Ye Bards, the Frailty mourn; yet brave the Shock,
Has not a STILLINGFLEET oppos'd a LOCKE?
Oh, ſtill proceed, with ſacred Rapture fir'd!
Unenvied had ye liv'd, if unadmir'd.

Let *Envy*, he replied, all ireful riſe,
Envy purſues alone the Brave and Wiſe;
MARO and SOCRATES inſpire her Pain,
And POPE, the *Monarch* of the tuneful Train!
To whom be *Nature's*, and *Britannia's* Praiſe!
All their bright Honours ruſh into his Lays!
And all that glorious Warmth his Lays reveal,
Which only Poets, Kings, and Patriots feel!
Tho' gay as Mirth, as curious Thought ſedate,
As Elegance polite, as Pow'r elate;
Profound as Reaſon, and as Juſtice clear;
Soft as Compaſſion, yet as Truth ſevere;

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As Bounty copious, as Perſuaſion ſweet,
Like Nature various, and like Art complete;
So fine her Morals, ſo ſublime her Views,
His Life is almoſt equal'd by his Muſe.

O POPE!—Since Envy is decreed by Fate,
Since ſhe purſues alone the Wiſe, and Great;
In one ſmall, emblematic Landſcape ſee,
How vaſt a Diſtance 'twixt thy Foe and Thee!
Truth from an Eminence ſurveys our Scene,
(A Hill, where all is clear, and all ſerene.)
Rude earth-bred Storms o'er meaner Valleys blow,
And wand'ring Miſts roll, black'ning, far below;
Dark, and debas'd, like them, is *Envy's* Aim,
And clear, and eminent, like *Truth*, thy Fame.

Thus I. From what dire Cauſe can Envy ſpring?
Or why emboſom we a Viper's Sting?
'Tis Envy ſtings our darling Paſſion, Pride.
Alas! (the Man of mighty Soul replied)
Why chuſe we Mis'ries? Moſt derive their Birth
From one bad Source; we dread ſuperior Worth;
Prefer'd, it ſeems a Satire on our own;
Then heedleſs to excel we meanly moan:
Then we abſtract our Views, and Envy ſhow,
Whence ſprings the Mis'ry, Pride is doom'd to know.
Thus Folly Pain creates: By Wiſdom's Pow'r,
We ſhun the Weight of many a reſtleſs Hour——

Lo!

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Lo! I meet Wrong; perhaps the Wrong I feel
Tends, by the Scheme of Things, to public Weal.
I, of the Whole am Part — the Joy, Men ſee,
Muſt circulate, and ſo revolve to me.
Why ſhould I then of private Loſs complain?
Of Loſs, that proves, perchance, a Brother's Gain?
The Wind, that binds one Bark within the Bay,
May waft a richer Freight its wiſh'd-for Way.
If Rains, redundant flood the abject Ground,
Mountains are but ſupplied, when Vales are drown'd;
If, with ſoft Moiſture ſwell'd, the Vale looks gay,
The Verdure of the Mountain fades away.
Shall Clouds, but at *my* Welfare's Call deſcend?
Shall *Gravity* for me her Laws ſuſpend?
For me ſhall Suns their Noon-tide Courſe forbear?
Or *Motion* not ſubſiſt to influence Air?
Let the Means vary, be they Froſt, or Flame,
Thy End, O Nature! ſtill remains the ſame!
Be This the Motive of a wiſe Man's Care,
To ſhun deſerving Ills, and learn to bear.

The END of the FIRST CANTO.

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THE WANDERER.

A VISION.

CANTO II.

WHILE thus a Mind humane, and wiſe, he ſhows,
All-eloquent of Truth his Language flows.
Youth, tho' depreſs'd, thro' all his Form appears;
Thro' all his Sentiments the Depth of Years.
Thus He — Yet farther *Induſtry* behold,
Which conſcious waits new Wonders to unfold.
Enter my Chapel next — Lo! here begin
The hallow'd Rites, that check the Growth of Sin.
When firſt we met, how ſoon you ſeem'd to know
My Boſom, lab'ring with the Throbs of Woe!

Such

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Such racking Throbs!—ſoft! when I rouze thoſe Cares,
On my chill'd Mind pale *Recollection* glares!
When moping *Frenzy* ſtrove my Thoughts to ſway
Here prudent Labours chac'd her Pow'r away.
Full, and rough-riſing from yon ſculptur'd Wall,
Bold Prophets, Nations to Repentance call!
Meek Martyrs ſmile in Flames! gor'd Champions groan!
And Muſe-like Cherubs tune their Harps in Stone!
Next ſhadow'd Light a rounding Force beſtows,
Swells into Life, and ſpeaking Action grows!
Here pleaſing, melancholy Subjects find,
To calm, amuſe, exalt the penſive Mind!
This Figure tender Grief, like mine, implies,
And ſemblant Thoughts, that earthly Pomp deſpiſe.
Such penitential *Magdalene* reveals;
Looſe-veild, in Negligence of Charms ſhe kneels.
Tho' Dreſs, near-ſtor'd, its Vanity ſupplies,
The Vanity of Dreſs unheeded lies.
The ſinful World in ſorrowing Eye ſhe keeps,
As o'er *Jeruſalem*, *Meſſiah* weeps.
One Hand her Boſom ſmites; in One appears
The lifted Lawn, that drinks her falling Tears.

Since Evil outweighs Good, and ſways Mankind,
True Fortitude aſſumes the patient Mind:
Such prov'd *Meſſiah's*, tho' to Suff'ring born,
To Penury, Repulſe, Reproach, and Scorn.

Here,

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Here, by the Pencil, mark his Flight deſign'd;
The wearied Virgin by a Stream reclin'd,
Who feeds the Child. Her Looks a Charm expreſs,
A modeſt Charm, that dignifies Diſtreſs.
Boughs o'er their Heads with bluſhing Fruits depend,
Which Angels to her buſied Conſort bend.
Hence by the ſmiling Infant ſeems diſcern'd,
Trifles, concerning Him, all Heav'n, concern'd.

Here the transfigur'd Son, from Earth, retires:
See! the white Form in a bright Cloud aſpires!
Full on his Foll'wers burſts a Flood of Rays,
Proſtrate they fall beneath th' o'erwhelming Blaze!
Like Noon-tide Summer-Suns the Rays appear,
Unſuff'rable, magnificent, and near!

What Scene of Agony the Garden brings;
The Cup of Gall; the ſuppliant King of Kings!
The Crown of Thorns; the Croſs, that felt him die;
Theſe, languid in the Sketch, unfiniſh'd, lye.

There, from the Dead, Centurions ſee him riſe,
See! but ſtruck down with horrible Surprize!
As the firſt Glory ſeem'd a Sun at Noon,
This caſts the Silver Splendor of the Moon.

Here peopled Day, th' aſcending God ſurveys!
The Glory varies, as the Myriads gaze!

Now

Now ſoften'd, like a Sun at Diſtance ſeen,
When thro' a Cloud bright-glancing, yet ſerene!
Now faſt-encreaſing to the Croud amaz'd,
Like ſome vaſt Meteor high in Æther rais'd!

My Labour, yon high-vaulted Altar, ſtains
With Dies, that emulate ætherial Plains.
The convex Glaſs, which in that Opening glows,
Mid circling Rays a pictur'd *Saviour* ſhows!
Bright it collects the Beams, which, trembling All,
Back from the God, a ſhow'ry Radiance, fall,
Light'ning the Scene beneath! a Scene divine!
Where Saints, Clouds, Seraphs, intermingled ſhine!

Here Water-falls, that play melodious round,
Like a ſweet Organ, ſwell a lofty Sound!
The ſolemn Notes bid earthly Paſſions fly,
Lull all my Cares, and lift my Soul on High!

This monumental Marble — this I rear
To One — Oh! ever mourn'd! — Oh! ever dear!
He ſtopt — pathetic Sighs the Pauſe ſupply,
And the prompt Tear ſtarts, quiv'ring, on his Eye!

I look'd — two Columns near the Wall were ſeen,
An imag'd *Beauty* ſtretch'd at Length between.
Near the wept Fair, her Harp *Cecilia* ſtrung,
Leaning, from high, a lift'ning Angel hung!

Friendſhip,

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Friendſhip, whoſe Figure at the Feet remains,
A Phœnix, with irradiate Creſt, ſuſtains:
This grac'd one Palm, while One extends t' impart
Two foreign Hands, that claſp a burning Heart.
A pendent Veil two hov'ring Seraphs raiſe,
Which opening Heav'n, upon the Roof diſplays!
And two, benevolent, leſs-diſtant, hold
A Vaſe, collective of Perfumes uproll'd!
Theſe from the Heart, by *Friendſhip* held, ariſe,
Od'rous as Incenſe gath'ring in the Skies.
In the fond Pelican is Love expreſt,
Who opens to her Young her tender Breaſt.
Two mated Turtles hov'ring hang in Air,
One by a Faulcon ſtruck! — in wild Deſpair,
The Hermit cries, — So Death, alas! deſtroys
The tender Conſort of my Cares and Joys!
Again ſoft Tears upon his Eye-lid hung,
Again check'd Sounds dy'd, flutt'ring, on his Tongue.
Too well his pining inmoſt Thought I know!
Too well e'en Silence tells the ſtory'd Woe!
To his my Sighs, to his my Tears reply!
I ſtray o'er all the Tomb a wat'ry Eye!

Next, on the Wall, her Scenes of Life I gaz'd,
The Form back-leaning, by a Globe half-rais'd!
Cherubs a proffer'd Crown of Glory ſhow,
Ey'd wiſtful by th' admiring Fair below.

In

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In Action eloquent disposs'd her Hands,
One shows her Breast, in Rapture One expands!
This the fond Hermit seiz'd! — o'er all his Soul,
The soft, wild, wailing, am'rous Passion stole!
In stedfast Gaze his Eyes her Aspect keep,
Then turn away, a-while dejected weep;
Then he reverts 'em; but reverts in vain,
Dim'd with the swelling Grief, that streams again.
Where now is my Philosophy? (he cries)
My Joy, Hope, Reason, my *Olympia* dies!
Why did I e'er that Prime of Blessings know?
Was it, ye cruel Fates, t' imbitter Woe?
Why would your Bolts not level first *my* Head?
Why must I live to weep *Olympia* dead?
—— Sir, I had once a Wife! fair bloom'd her Youth,
Her Form was Beauty, and her Soul was Truth!
Oh, she was dear! — How dear, what Words can say?
She dies! — my Heav'n at once is snatch'd away!
Ah! what avails, that, by a Father's Care,
I rose a wealthy and illustrious Heir?
That early in my Youth I learn'd to prove
Th' instructive, pleasing, academic Grove?
That in the Senate Eloquence was mine?
That Valour gave me in the Field to shine?
That Love show'r'd Blessings too — far more than All,
High-rapt Ambition e'er could happy call?
Ah! — What are these, which e'en the Wise adore?
Lost is my Pride! — *Olympia* is no more!

Had

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Had I, ye perſecuting Pow'rs! been born
The World's cold Pity, or, at beſt, its Scorn;
Of Wealth, of Rank, of kindred Warmth bereft;
To Want, to Shame, to ruthleſs Cenſure left!
Patience, or Pride, to this, Relief ſupplies!
But a loſt Wife! — there! there Diſtraction lies!

Now three ſad Years I yield me all to Grief,
And fly the hated Comfort of Relief!
Tho' rich, great, young, I leave a pompous Seat,
(My Brother's now) to ſeek ſome dark Retreat:
Mid cloiſter'd ſolitary Tombs I ſtray,
Deſpair and Horror lead the chearleſs Way!
My Sorrow grows to ſuch a wild Exceſs,
Life, injur'd Life, muſt wiſh the Paſſion leſs!
Olympia! — My *Olympia's* loſt! (I cry)
Olympia's loſt, the hollow Vaults reply!
Louder I make my lamentable Moan;
The ſwelling Echoes learn like me to groan;
The Ghoſts to ſcream, as thro' lone Iſles they ſweep;
The Shrines to ſhudder, and the Saints to weep!

Now Grief and Rage, by gath'ring Sighs, ſuppreſt,
Swell my full Heart, and heave my lab'ring Breaſt!
With ſtruggling Starts, each vital String they ſtrain,
And ſtrike the tott'ring Fabric of my Brain!
O'er my ſunk Spirits frowns a vap'ry Scene,
Woe's dark Retreat! the madding Maze of *Spleen!*

A deep

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A deep damp Gloom o'erſpreads the murky Cell;
Here pining Thoughts, and ſecret Terrors dwell!
Here learn the Great unreal Wants to feign!
Unpleaſing Truths here mortify the Vain!
Here *Learning*, blinded firſt, and then beguil'd,
Looks dark as *Ignorance*, as *Frenzy* wild!
Here firſt *Credulity* on *Reaſon* won!
And here *falſe Zeal* myſterious Rants begun!
Here *Love* impearls each Moment with a Tear,
And *Superſtition* owes to *Spleen* her Fear!

Fantaſtic Lightnings, thro' the dreary Way,
In ſwift ſhort Signals flaſh the burſting Day!
Above, beneath, acroſs, around, they fly!
A dire Deception ſtrikes the mental Eye!
By the Blue Fires, pale Phantoms grin ſevere!
Shrill-fancied Echoes wound th' affrighted Ear!
Air-baniſh'd Spirits flag in Fogs profound,
And, all-obſcene, ſhed baneful Damps around!
Now Whiſpers, trembling in ſome feeble Wind,
Sigh out prophetic Fears, and freeze the Mind!

Loud laughs the Hag!—She mocks Complaint away,
Unroofs the Den, and lets in more than Day.
Swarms of wild *Fancies*, wing'd in various Flight,
Seek emblematic Shades, and myſtic Light.
Some drive with rapid Steeds the thining Car,
Theſe nod from Thrones! Thoſe thunder in the War!

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Till, tir'd, they turn from the deluſive Show,
Start from wild Joy, and fix in ſtupid Woe.

Here the lone Hour, a Blank of Life diſplays,
Till now bad Thoughts a Fiend more active raiſe;
A Fiend in evil Moments ever nigh!
Death in her Hand, and Frenzy in her Eye!
Her Eye all red, and ſunk! — A Robe ſhe wore,
With Life's Calamities embroider'd o'er.
A Mirror in one Hand collective ſhows,
Varied, and multiplied that Group of Woes.
This endleſs Foe to gen'rous Toil and Pain
Lolls on a Couch for Eaſe; but lolls in vain;
She muſes o'er her woe-embroider'd Veſt,
And Self-Abhorrence heightens in her Breaſt.
To ſhun her Care, the Force of Sleep ſhe tries,
Still wakes her Mind, tho' Slumbers doze her Eyes:
She dreams, ſtarts, riſes, ſtalks from Place to Place,
With reſtleſs, thoughtful, interrupted Pace;
Now eyes the Sun, and curſes ev'ry Ray,
Now the green Ground, where Colour fades away.
Dim Spectres dance! Again her Eye ſhe rears;
Then from the blood-ſhot Ball wipes purpled Tears;
Then preſſes hard her Brow, with Miſchief fraught,
Her Brow half burſts with Agony of Thought!
From me (ſhe cries) pale Wretch, thy Comfort claim,
Born of *Deſpair*, and *Suicide* my Name!

Why

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Why ſhould thy Life a Moment's Pain endure?
Here ev'ry Object proffers Grief a Cure.
She points where Leaves of Hemlock black'ning ſhoot!
Fear not! pluck! eat (ſaid ſhe) the ſov'reign Root!
Then *Death*, revers'd, ſhall bear his ebon Lance!
Soft o'er thy Sight ſhall ſwim the ſhadowy Trance!
Or leap yon Rock, poſſeſs a wat'ry Grave,
And leave wild Sorrow to the Wind and Wave!
Or mark — this Ponyard thus from Mis'ry frees!
She wounds her Breaſt! — the guilty Steel I ſeize!
Straight, where ſhe ſtruck, a ſmoaking Spring of Gore
Wells from the Wound, and floats the crimſon'd Floor.
She faints! She fades! — Calm Thoughts the Deed revolve,
And now, unſtartling, fix the dire Reſolve;
Death drops his Terrors, and, with charming Wiles,
Winning, and kind, like my *Olympia* ſmiles!
He points the Paſſage to the Seats divine,
Where Poets, Heroes, ſainted Lovers ſhine!
I come, *Olympia!* — My rear'd Arm extends;
Half to my Breaſt the threat'ning Point deſcends!
Straight Thunder rocks the Land! new Lightnings play!
When, lo! a Voice reſounds, Ariſe! away!
Away! nor murmur at th' afflictive Rod!
Nor tempt the Vengeance of an angry God!
Fly'ſt thou from *Providence* for vain Relief?
Such ill-ſought Eaſe ſhall draw avenging Grief.

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Honour, the more obſtructed, ſtronger ſhines,
And Zeal by Perſecution's Rage refines.
By Woe, the Soul to daring Action ſwells;
By Woe, in plaintleſs Patience it excels;
From Patience, prudent clear Experience ſprings,
And traces Knowledge thro' the Courſe of Things!
Thence Hope is form'd, thence Fortitude, Succeſs,
Renown: —— Whate'er Men covet and careſs.

The vaniſh'd Fiend thus ſent a hollow Voice,
Would'ſt thou be happy? Straight be Death thy Choice;
How mean are thoſe, who paſſively complain;
While active Souls, more free, their Fetters ſtrain?
Tho' Knowledge thine, Hope, Fortitude, Succeſs,
Renown: —— Whate'er Men covet, and careſs;
On Earth Succeſs muſt in its Turn give Way,
And ev'n Perfection introduce Decay.
Never the World of Spirits thus — their Reſt
Untouch'd! entire! — once happy, ever bleſt!

Earneſt the heav'nly Voice reſponſive cries,
Oh, liſten not to Subtilty unwiſe!
Thy guardian Saint, who mourns thy hapleſs Fate,
Heav'n grants to prop thy Virtue, ere too late.
Know, if thou wilt thy dear-lov'd Wife deplore,
Olympia waits thee on a foreign Shore;
There in a Cell thy laſt Remains be ſpent;
Away! deceive Deſpair, and find Content!

I heard,

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I heard, obey'd; nor more of Fate complain'd;
Long Seas I meaſur'd, and this Mountain gain'd.
Soon to a yawning Rift, Chance turn'd my Way;
A Den it prov'd, where a huge Serpent lay!
Flame-ey'd he lay! — He rages now for Food,
Meets my firſt Glance, and meditates my Blood!
His Bulk, in many a gather'd Orb uproll'd,
Rears Spire on Spire! His Scales, be-dropt with Gold,
Shine burniſh'd in the Sun! Such Height they gain,
They dart green Luſtre on the diſtant Main!
Now writh'd in dreadful Slope, he ſtoops his Creſt,
Furious to fix on my unſhielded Breaſt!
Juſt as he ſprings, my Sabre ſmites the Foe!
Headleſs he falls beneath th'unerring Blow!
Wrath yet remains, tho' Strength his Fabric leaves,
And the meant Hiſs, the gaſping Mouth deceives;
The length'ning Trunk ſlow-looſens ev'ry Fold,
Lingers in Life; then ſtretches ſtiff, and cold.
Juſt as th' invet'rate Son of Miſchief ends,
Comes a white Dove, and near the Spot deſcends,
I hail this Omen! all bad Paſſions ceaſe,
Like the ſlain *Snake*, and all within is *Peace*.

Next, to *Religion* this plain Roof I raiſe!
In duteous Rites, my hallow'd Tapers blaze!
I bid due Incenſe on my Altar ſmoke!
Then, at this Tomb, my promis'd *Love* invoke!

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She hears! — She comes! — My Heart what Raptures warm?
All my *Olympia* ſparkles in the Form!
No pale, wan, livid Mark of Death ſhe bears!
Each roſeate Look a quick'ning Tranſport wears!
A Robe of Light, high-wrought, her Shape inveſts;
Unzon'd the ſwelling Beauty of her Breaſts!
Her auburn Hair each flowing Ring reſumes,
In her fair Hand, Love's Branch of Myrtle blooms!
Silent, a-while, each well-known Charm I trace;
Then thus, (while nearer ſhe avoids th' Embrace)
Thou dear Deceit! — muſt I a Shade purſue?
Dazzled I gaze! — thou ſwim'ſt before my View!
Dipt in ætherial Dews, her Bough divine
Sprinkles my Eyes, which, ſtrengthen'd, bear the Shine:
Still thus I urge (for ſtill the ſhadowy Bliſs
Shuns the warm Graſp, nor yields the tender Kiſs.)
Oh, fly not! — fade not! liſten to Love's Call!
She lives! — no more I'm Man! — I'm Spirit all!
Then let me ſnatch thee!—preſs thee!—take me whole!
Oh, cloſe! — yet cloſer! — cloſer to my Soul!
Twice, round her Waiſt, my eager Arms entwin'd,
And, twice deceiv'd, my Frenzy claſp'd the Wind!
Then thus I rav'd — Behold thy Huſband kneel,
And judge! O judge what Agonies I feel!
Oh be no longer, if unkind, thus fair;
Take Horror's Shape, and fright me to Deſpair!

Rather

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Rather than thus, unpitying, ſee my Moan,
Far rather frown, and fix me here in Stone!
But mock not thus — Alas! (the Charmer ſaid,
Smiling; and, in her Smile, ſoft Radiance play'd)
Alas! no more eluded Strength employ,
To claſp a Shade! — What more is mortal Joy?
Man's Bliſs is, like his Knowledge, but ſurmis'd;
One Ignorance, the other Pain diſguis'd!
Thou wert (had all thy Wiſh been ſtill poſſeſt)
Supremely curſt from being greatly bleſt;
For oh! ſo fair, ſo dear was I to Thee,
Thou hadſt forgot thy God, to worſhip me;
This he foreſaw, and ſnatch'd me to the Tomb;
Above I flouriſh in unfading Bloom.
Think me not loſt; for thee I Heav'n implore!
Thy guardian Angel, tho' a Wife no more!
I, when abſtracted from this World you ſeem,
Hint the pure Thought, and frame the heav'nly Dream!
Cloſe at thy Side, when Morning ſtreaks the Air,
In Muſick's Voice I wake thy Mind to Prayer!
By me, thy Hymns, like pureſt Incenſe, riſe,
Fragrant with Grace, and pleaſing to the Skies!
And when that Form ſhall from its Clay refine,
(That only Bar betwixt my Soul and Thine!)
When thy lov'd Spirit mounts to Realms of Light,
Then ſhall *Olympia* aid thy earlieſt Flight;
Mingled we'll flame in Raptures, that aſpire
Beyond all Youth, all Senſe, and all Deſire.

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She ended. Still ſuch Sweetneſs dwells behind,
Th' inchanting Voice ſtill warbles in my Mind,
But lo! th'unbodied Viſion fleets away! —
— Stay, my *Olympia!* — I conjure thee, ſtay!
Yet ſtay — for thee my Mem'ry learns to ſmart!
Sure ev'ry Vein contains a bleeding Heart!
Sooner ſhall Splendor leave the Blaze of Day,
Than Love, ſo pure, ſo vaſt as mine, decay!
From the ſame heav'nly Source its Luſtre came,
And glows, immortal, with congenial Flame!
Ah! — let me not with Fires neglected burn;
Sweet Miſtreſs of my Soul, return, return!

Alas! — ſhe's fled! — I traverſe now the Place,
Where my enamour'd Thoughts her Footſteps trace.
Now, o'er the Tomb, I bend my drooping Head,
There Tears, the Eloquence of Sorrow, ſhed.
Sighs choak my Words, unable to expreſs
The Pangs, the Throbs of ſpeechleſs Tenderneſs!
Not with more ardent, more tranſparent Flame,
Call dying Saints on their Creator's Name,
Than I on her's; — But, thro' yon yielding Door,
Glides a new Phantom o'er th' illumin'd Floor!
The Roof ſwift-kindles from the beaming Ground,
And Floods of living Luſtre flame around!
In all the Majeſty of Light array'd,
Awful it ſhines! — 'tis *Cato's* honour'd Shade!

As

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As I, the Heav'nly Viſitant purſue,
Sublimer Glory opens to my View!
He ſpeaks! — But, oh! what Words ſhall dare repeat
His Thoughts?—They leave me fir'd with Patriot Heat!
More than poetic Raptures now I feel,
And own that god-like Paſſion, Publick Zeal!
But, from my Frailty, it receives a Stain,
I grow, unlike my great Inſpirer, vain;
And burn, once more, the buſy World to know,
And would, in Scenes of Action, foremoſt glow!
Where proud Ambition points her dazzling Rays!
Where Coronets, and Crowns, attractive, blaze!
When my *Olympia* leaves the Realms above,
And lures me back to ſolitary Love.
She tells me Truth, prefers an humble State,
That genuine Greatneſs ſhuns the being Great!
That mean are thoſe, who falſe-term'd Honour prize;
Whoſe Fabricks, from their Country's Ruin riſe;
Who look the Traytor, like the Patriot, fair;
Who, to enjoy the Vineyard, wrong the Heir.

I hear! — thro' all my Veins new Tranſports roll!
I gaze! — Warm Love comes ruſhing on my Soul!
Raviſh'd I gaze! — Again her Charms decay!
Again my Manhood to my Grief gives Way!
Cato returns! — Zeal takes her Courſe to reign!
But Zeal is in Ambition loſt again!

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I'm now the Slave of Fondneſs! — now of Pride!
— By Turns they conquer, and by Turns ſubſide!
Theſe ballanc'd Each by Each, the golden Mean,
Betwixt 'em found, gives Happineſs ſerene;
This I'll enjoy! — He ended! — I replied,
O Hermit! thou are Worth ſeverely tried!
But had not innate Grief produc'd thy Woes,
Men, barb'rous Men had prey'd on thy Repoſe.
When ſeeking Joy, we ſeldom Sorrow miſs,
And often Mis'ry points the Path to Bliſs.
The Soil, moſt worthy of the thrifty Swain,
Is wounded thus, ere truſted with the Grain;
The ſtruggling Grain muſt work obſcure its Way,
Ere the firſt Green ſprings upward to the Day;
Up-ſprung, ſuch weed-like Coarſeneſs it betrays,
Flocks on th' abandon'd Blade permiſſive graze;
Then ſhoots the Wealth, from Imperfection clear,
And thus a grateful Harveſt crowns the Year.

The END of the SECOND CANTO.

THE

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THE WANDERER.

A VISION.

CANTO III.

THUS free our ſocial Time from Morning flows,
'Till riſing Shades attempt the Day to cloſe.
Thus my new Friend: Behold the Light's Decay:
Back to yon City let me point thy Way.
South-Weſt, behind yon Hill, the ſloping Sun,
To Ocean's Verge his fluent Courſe has run:
His parting Eyes a watry Radiance ſhed,
Glance through the Vale, and tip the Mountain's Head;
To which oppos'd, the ſhad'wy Gulphs, below,
Beauteous, reflect the party-colour'd Snow.

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Now dance the Stars, where *Veſper* leads the Way;
Yet all faint-glimm'ring with Remains of Day.
Orient, the Queen of Night emits her Dawn,
And throws, unſeen, her Mantle o'er the Lawn.
Up the blue Steep, her crimſon Orb now ſhines;
Now on the Mountain-top her *Arm* reclines,
In a *red Creſcent* ſeen: Her *Zone* now gleams,
Like *Venus*, quiv'ring in reflecting Streams.
Yet red'ning, yet round-burning up the Air,
From the white Cliff, her *Feet* ſlow-riſing glare!
See! Flames, condens'd, now vary her Attire;
Her *Face*, a broad Circumference of Fire.
Dark Firs ſeem kindled in nocturnal Blaze;
Thro' Ranks of Pines, her broken Luſtre plays,
Here glares, there brown-projecting Shade beſtows,
And glitt'ring ſports upon the ſpangled Snows.

Now Silver turn her Beams! — Yon Den they gain;
The big, rouz'd *Lion* ſhakes his brindled Main.
Fierce, fleet, gaunt Monſters, All prepar'd for Gore,
Rend Woods, Vales, Rocks, with wide-refounding Roar.
O dire Preſage! — But fear not thou, my Friend,
Our Steps the Guardians of the Juſt attend.
Home-ward I'll wait thee on — and now ſurvey,
How Men, and Spirits chace the Night away!

You

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Yon Nymphs, and Swains in am'rous Mirth advance;
To breathing Muſick moves the circling Dance.
Here the bold Youth in Deeds advent'rous glow,
Skimming in rapid Sleds the crackling Snow.
Not when *Tydides* won the fun'ral Race,
Shot his light Car along in ſwifter Pace.
Here the glaz'd Way with Iron Feet they dare,
And glide, well-pois'd, like *Mercuries* in Air.
There Crouds, with ſtable Tread, and levell'd Eye,
Lift, and diſmiſs the Quoits, that whirling fly.
With Force ſuperior, not with Skill ſo true,
The pond'rous Diſk from *Roman* Sinews flew.
Where neighb'ring Hills ſome cloudy Sheet ſuſtain,
Freez'd o'er the nether Vale a peuſile Plain,
Croſs the roof'd Hollow rolls the maſſy Round,
The crack'd Ice rattles, and the Rocks reſound!
Cenſures, Diſputes, and Laughs, alternate, riſe;
And deaf'ning Clangor thunders up the Skies.

Thus, amid crowded Images, ſerene,
From Hour to Hour we paſs'd, from Scene to Scene:
Faſt wore the Night. Full long we pac'd our Way;
Vain Steps! the City yet far-diſtant lay.
While thus the Hermit, ere my Wonder ſpoke,
Methought, with new Amuſement, Silence broke,
Yon amber-hued Caſcade, which fleecy flies
Thro' Rocks, and ſtrays along the trackleſs Skies

To

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To frolick Fairies marks the mazy Ring,
Forth to the Dance from little Cells they ſpring,
Meaſur'd to pipe, or harp! — and next they ſtand,
Marſhall'd beneath the Moon, a radiant Band!
In Froſt-work now delight the ſportive Kind:
Now court wild *Fancy* in the whiſtling Wind.

Hark! — the funereal Bell's deep-ſounding Toll,
To Bliſs from Mis'ry, calls ſome righteous Soul!
Juſt freed from Life, like ſwift-aſcending Fire,
Glorious it mounts, and gleams from yonder Spire!
Light clapt its Wings! — It views, with pitying Sight,
The friendly Mourner pay the pious Rite;
The Plume-high-wrought, that black'ning nods in Air;
The ſlow-pac'd, weeping Pomp; the ſolemn Pray'r;
The decent Tomb; the Verſe, that *Sorrow* gives;
Where, to Remembrance ſweet, fair Virtue lives.

Now to mid Heav'n the whiten'd Moon inclines,
And Shades contract, mark'd out in clearer Lines;
With noiſeleſs Gloom the Plains are delug'd o'er:
See! — from the North, what ſtreaming Meteors pour!
Beneath *Bœötes* ſprings the radiant Train,
And quiver thro' the Axle of his Wain.
O'er Altars thus, impainted, we behold
Half-circling Glories ſhoot in Rays of Gold.
Croſs *Æther* ſwift elance the vivid Fires!
As ſwift again each pointed Flame retires!

In

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In *Fancy's* Eye encount'ring Armies glare,
And ſanguine Enſigns wave unfurl'd in Air!
Hence the weak Vulgar deem impending Fate,
A Monarch ruin'd, or unpeopled State.
Thus Comets, dreadful Viſitants! ariſe
To them wild Omens, Science to the Wiſe!
Theſe mark the Comet to the Sun incline,
While deep-red Flames around its Center ſhine!
While its fierce Rear a winding Trail diſplays,
And lights all *Æther* with the ſweepy Blaze!
Or when, compell'd, it flies the torrid *Zone*,
And ſhoots by Worlds unnumber'd, and unknown;
By Worlds, whoſe People, all-aghaſt with Fear,
May view that Miniſter of Vengeance near!
'Till now the tranſient Glow, remote, and loſt,
Decays, and darkens 'mid involving Froſt!
Or when it, Sun-ward, drinks rich Beams again,
And burns imperious on th' ætherial Plain!
The Learn'd-One curious eyes it from afar,
Sparkling thro' Night, a new, illuſtrious Star!

The Moon, deſcending, ſaw us now purſue
The various Talk: — the City near in View!
Here from *ſtill Life* (he cries) avert thy Sight,
And mark what *Deeds* adorn, or ſhame the Night!
But, heedful, each immodeſt Proſpect fly;
Where Decency forbids Enquiry's Eye.

Man

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Man were not Man, without Love's wanton Fire,
But Reason's Glory is to quell Desire.
What are thy Fruits, O *Lust?* Short Blessings, bought
With long Remorse, the Seed of bitter Thought;
Perhaps some *Babe* to dire Diseases born,
Doom'd for *Another's* Crimes, thro' Life, to mourn;
Or *murder'd*, to preserve a *Mother's Fame*;
Or cast obscure; the *Child* of *Want* and *Shame!*
False Pride! What Vices on our Conduct steal,
From the World's Eye one Frailty to conceal?
Ye *cruel Mothers!* — Soft! those Words command,
So near shall *Cruelty*, and *Mother* stand?
Can the Dove's Bosom snaky Venom draw?
Can its Foot sharpen, like the Vulture's Claw?
Can the fond Goat, or tender, fleecy Dam
Howl, like the Wolf, to tear the Kid, or Lamb?
Yes, there *are* Mothers — There I fear'd his Aim,
And, conscious, trembled at the coming Name;
Then, with a Sigh, his issuing Words oppos'd!
Straight with a falling Tear the Speech he clos'd.
That Tenderness, which ties of Blood deny,
Nature repaid me from a Stranger's Eye.
Pale grew my Cheek! — But now to gen'ral Views
Our Converse turns, which thus my Friend renews:

Your Mansion, made by beaming Tapers gay,
Drowns the dim Night, and counterfeits the Day.

From

From lumin'd Windows glancing on the Eye,
Around, athwart, the friſking Shadows fly.
There Midnight *Riot* ſpreads illuſive Joys,
And Fortune, Health, and dearer Time deſtroys.
Soon Death's dark Agent, to luxuriant Eaſe,
Shall wake ſharp Warnings in ſome fierce Diſeaſe.

O Man! thy Fabrick's like a well-form'd State;
Thy *Thoughts*, firſt-rank'd, were ſure deſign'd the *Great!*
Paſſions Plebeians are, which *Faction* raiſe;
Wine, like pour'd Oil, excites the raging Blaze:
Then giddy *Anarchy's* rude Triumphs riſe:
Then ſov'reign *Reaſon* from her Empire flies:
That Ruler once depos'd, *Wiſdom* and *Wit*,
To *Noiſe* and *Folly*, Place and Pow'r, ſubmit;
Like a frail Bark thy weaken'd Mind is toſt,
Unſteer'd, unbalanc'd, 'till its Wealth is loſt.

The *Miſer-ſpirit* eyes the ſpend-thrift *Heir*,
And mourns, too late, Effects of ſordid Care.
His Treaſures fly to cloy each fawning Slave;
Yet grudge a Stone, to dignify his Grave.
For this, low-thoughted Craft his Life employ'd!
For this, tho' wealthy, he no Wealth enjoy'd;
For this, he grip'd the Poor, and Alms denied,
Unfriended liv'd, and unlamented died.
Yet ſmile, griev'd Shade! when that unproſp'rous Store
Faſt-leſſens, when gay Hours return no more;

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Smile at thy Heir, beholding, in his Fall,
Men once oblig'd, like Him, ungrateful All!
Then Thought-inſpiring *Woe* his Heart ſhall mend,
And prove his only wiſe, unflatt'ring Friend.

Folly exhibits thus unmanly Sport,
While plotting *Miſchief* keeps reſerv'd her Court.
Lo! from that Mount, in blaſting Sulphur broke,
Stream Flames voluminous, enwrap'd with Smoke!
In Chariot-ſhape they whirl up yonder Tow'r,
Lean on its Brow, and like Deſtruction lour!
From the black Depth a fiery Legion ſprings;
Each bold, bad Spectre claps her ſounding Wings:
And ſtraight beneath a ſummon'd, trait'rous Band,
On Horror bent, in dark Convention ſtand:
From each Fiend's Mouth a ruddy Vapour flows,
Glides thro' the Roof, and o'er the Council glows:
The Villains, cloſe beneath th' Infection pent,
Feel, all-poſſeſs'd, their riſing Galls ferment;
And burn with Faction, Hate, and vengeful Ire,
For Rapine, Blood, and Devaſtation dire!
But *Juſtice* marks their Ways: She waves, in Air,
The Sword, high-threat'ning, like a Comet's Glare.

While here dark *Villany* her ſelf deceives,
There ſtudious *Honeſty* our View relieves.
A feeble Taper, from yon loneſome Room,
Scatt'ring thin Rays, juſt glimmers thro' the Gloom.

There

There sits the sapient *BARD* in museful Mood,
And glows impassion'd for his Country's Good!
All the bright *Spirits* of the *Just*, combin'd,
Inform, refine, and prompt his tow'ring Mind!
He takes the *gifted Quill* from *Hands divine*,
Around his Temples Rays refulgent shine!
Now rapt! now more than Man!—I see him climb,
To view this Speck of Earth from Worlds sublime!
I see him now o'er Nature's Works preside!
How clear the Vision! and the Scene how wide!
Let some a Name by Adulation raise,
Or Scandal, meaner than a venal Praise!
My *Muse* (he cries) a nobler Prospect view!
Thro' Fancy's Wilds some Moral's Point pursue!
From dark Deception clear-drawn Truth display,
As from black Chaos rose resplendent Day!
Awake Compassion, and bid Terror rise!
Bid humble Sorrows strike superior Eyes!
So pamper'd *Pow'r*, unconscious of *Distress*,
May see, be mov'd, and, being mov'd, redress.

Ye Traytors, Tyrants, fear his stinging Lay!
Ye Pow'rs unlov'd, unpitied in Decay!
But know, to *you* sweet-blossom'd Fame he brings,
Ye Heroes, Patriots, and paternal Kings!

O *Thou*, who form'd, who rais'd the Poet's Art,
(Voice of *thy Will!)* unerring Force impart!
If wailing Worth can gen'rous Warmth excite,
If Verse can gild Instruction with Delight,

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Inſpire his honeſt Muſe with *orient* Flame,
To riſe, to dare, to reach the nobleſt Aim!

But, O my Friend! myſterious is our Fate!
How mean his Fortune, tho' his Mind elate!
Æneas-like he paſſes thro' the Crowd,
Unſought, unſeen beneath Misfortune's Cloud;
Or ſeen with ſlight Regard: Unprais'd his Name:
His after-Honour, and our after-Shame.
The *doom'd Deſert* to *Av'rice* ſtands confeſs'd;
Her Eyes averted are, and ſteel'd her Breaſt.
Envy aſquint the *future Wonder* eyes:
Bold *Inſult*, pointing, hoots him as he flies;
While coward *Cenſure*, ſkill'd in darker Ways,
Hints ſure Detraction in diſſembled Praiſe!
Hunger, Thirſt, Nakedneſs, there grievous fall!
Unjuſt Deriſion too!—that Tongue of Gall!
Slow comes *Relief*, with no mild Charms endued,
Uſher'd by *Pride*, and by *Reproach* purſued.
Forc'd Pity meets him with a cold Reſpect,
Unkind as *Scorn*, ungen'rous as *Neglect*.

Yet, *ſuff'ring Worth!* thy Fortitude will ſhine!
Thy Foes are *Virtue's*, and her Friends are thine!
Patience is thine, and Peace thy Days ſhall crown;
Thy Treaſure Prudence, and thy Claim Renown:
Myriads, unborn, ſhall mourn thy hapleſs Fate,
And Myriads grow, by thy Example, Great!

Hark!

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Hark! from the Watch-Tow'r rolls the Trumpet's Sound,
Sweet thro' ſtill Night, proclaiming Safety round!
Yon Shade illuſtrious quits the Realms of Reſt,
To aid ſome Orphan of its Race diſtreſt,
Safe winds him thro' the ſubterraneous Way,
That mines yon Manſion, grown with Ruin grey,
And marks the wealthy, unſuſpected Ground,
Where, green with Ruſt, long-buried Coins abound.
This plaintive Ghoſt, from Earth when newly fled,
Saw thoſe, the Living truſted, wrong the Dead;
He ſaw, by Fraud abus'd, the lifeleſs Hand
Sign the falſe Deed, that alienates his Land;
Heard, on his Fame, injurious Cenſure thrown,
And mourn'd the beggar'd Orphan's bitter Groan.
Commiſſion'd now the Falſhood he reveals,
To Juſtice ſoon th'enabled Heir appeals;
Soon, by this Wealth, are coſtly Pleas maintain'd,
And, by diſcover'd Truth, loſt Right regain'd.

But why (may ſome enquire) why kind Succeſs,
Since myſtic Heav'n gives Mis'ry oft to bleſs?
Tho' Mis'ry leads to Happineſs, and Truth,
Unequal to the Load, this languid Youth.
Unſtrengthen'd Virtue ſcarce his Boſom fir'd,
And fearful from his growing Wants retir'd.

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(Oh, let none cenſure, if, untried by Grief,
If, amidſt Woe, untempted by Relief!)
He ſtoop'd reluctant to low Arts of Shame,
Which then, ev'n then he ſcorn'd, and bluſh'd to name.
Heav'n ſees, and makes th' imperfect Worth its Care,
And chears the trembling Heart, unform'd to bear.
Now riſing Fortune elevates his Mind,
He ſhines unclouded, and adorns Mankind.

So in ſome Engine, that denies a Vent,
If unreſpiring is ſome Creature pent,
It ſickens, droops, and pants, and gaſps for Breath,
Sad o'er the Sight ſwim ſhad'wy Miſts of Death;
If then kind Air pours pow'rful in again,
New Heats, new Pulſes quicken ev'ry Vein;
From the clear'd, lifted, life-rekindled Eye,
Diſpers'd, the dark and dampy Vapours fly.

From trembling Tombs the Ghoſts of Greatneſs riſe,
And o'er their Bodies hang with wiſtful Eyes;
Or diſcontented ſtalk, and mix their Howls
With howling Wolves, their Screams with ſcreaming Owls.

The Interval 'twixt Night and Morn is nigh,
Winter more nitrous chills the ſhadow'd Sky.
Springs with ſoft Heats no more give Borders green,
Nor ſmoaking breathe along the whiten'd Scene;

While

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While ſteamy Currents ſweet in Proſpect charm
Like Veins blue-winding on a Fair-one's Arm.

Now *Sleep* to *Fancy* parts with half his Pow'r,
And broken Slumbers drag the reſtleſs Hour.
The Murder'd ſeems alive, and ghaſtly glares,
And in dire Dreams the conſcious Murd'rer ſcares,
Shews the yet-ſpouting Wound, th'enſanguin'd Floor,
The Walls yet-ſmoaking with the ſpatter'd Gore;
Or ſhrieks to dozing Juſtice, and reveals
The Deed, which fraudful Art from Day conceals;
The Delve obſcene, where no Suſpicion pries,
Where the disfigur'd Corſe unſhrouded lies;
The ſure, the ſtriking Proof, ſo ſtrong maintain'd,
Pale Guilt ſtarts ſelf-convicted, when arraign'd.

Theſe Spirits Treaſon of its Power diveſt,
And turn the Peril from the Patriot's Breaſt.
Thoſe ſolemn Thought inſpire, or bright deſcend
To ſnatch in Viſion ſweet the dying Friend.

But we deceive the Gloom, the Matin Bell
Summons to Prayer!—Now breaks th'Inchanter's Spell!
And now—But yon fair Spirit's Form ſurvey!
'Tis ſhe! *Olympia* beckons me away!
I haſte! I fly!—adieu!—and when you ſee
The Youth, who bleeds with Fondneſs, think on me!

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Tell him my Tale, and be his Pain careſt;
By Love I tortur'd was, by Love I'm bleſt.
When worſhip'd Woman we entranc'd behold,
We praiſe the Maker in his faireſt Mold;
The Pride of Nature, Harmony combin'd,
And Light immortal to the Soul refin'd!
Depriv'd of charming Woman, ſoon we miſs
The Prize of Friendſhip, and the Life of Bliſs!

Still thro' the Shades *Olympia* dawning breaks!
What Bloom, what Brightneſs laſters o'er her Cheeks!
Again ſhe calls! — I dare no longer ſtay!
A kind Farewell — *Olympia*, I obey.

He turn'd, nor longer in my Sight remain'd;
The Mountain he, I ſafe the City gain'd.

The END of the THIRD CANTO.

THE

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THE WANDERER.

A VISION.

CANTO IV.

STILL o'er my Mind wild *Fancy* holds her Sway,
Still on ſtrange, viſionary Land I ſtray.
Now Scenes crowd thick! Now indiſtinct appear!
Swift glide the *Months*, and turn the varying Year!

Near the *Bull's* Horn Light's riſing Monarch draws;
Now on it's Back the *Pleiades* he thaws!
From vernal Heat pale Winter forc'd to flie,
Northward retires, yet turns a wat'ry Eye;
Then with an aguiſh Breath nips infant Blooms,
Deprives unfolding Spring of rich Perfumes,

Shakes

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Shakes the ſlow-circling Blood of human Race,
And in ſharp, livid Looks contracts the Face.
Now o'er *Norwegian* Hills he ſtrides away:
Such ſlipp'ry Paths *Ambition's* Steps betray.
Turning, with Sighs, far ſpiral Firs he ſees,
Which bow obedient to the Southern Breeze.
Now from yon *Zemblan* Rock his Creſt he ſhrouds,
Like *Fame's*, obſcur'd amid the whitening Clouds;
Thence his loſt Empire is with Tears deplor'd:
Such Tyrants ſhed o'er Liberty reſtor'd.
Beneath his Eye (that throws malignant Light
Ten Times the meaſur'd Round of mortal Sight)
A Waſte, pale-glimm'ring, like a Moon, that wanes
A wild Expanſe of frozen Sea contains.
It cracks! vaſt, floating Mountains beat the Shore!
Far off he hears thoſe icy Ruins roar,
And from the hideous Craſh diſtracted flies,
Like One, who feels his dying Infant's Cries.
Near, and more near the ruſhing Torrents ſound,
And one great Rift runs thro' the vaſt Profound.
Swift as a ſhooting Meteor; groaning loud,
Like deep-roll'd Thunder thro' a rending Cloud.
The late-dark *Pole* now feels unſetting Day:
In Hurricanes of Wrath he whirls his Way;
O'er many a polar *Alp* to *Froſt* he goes,
O'er crackling Vales, embrown'd with melting Snows;
Here Bears ſtalk Tenants of the barren Space,
Few Men, unſocial Thoſe! — a barb'rous Race!

At

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At length the Cave appears! the Race is run:
Now he recounts vaſt Conqueſts loſt, and won,
And taleful in th' Embrace of *Froſt* remains,
Barr'd from our Climes, and bound in icy Chains.

Mean while the Sun his Beams on *Cancer* throws,
Which now beneath his warmeſt Influence glows.
From glowing *Cancer* fall'n, the King of Day,
Red thro' the kindling *Lion*, ſhoots his Ray.
The tawny Harveſt pays the earlier Plough,
And mellowing Fruitage loads the bending Bough.
'Tis Day-ſpring. Now green Lab'rinths I frequent,
Where *Wiſdom* oft retires to meet *Content*.

The mounting Lark her warbling Anthem lends,
From Note to Note the raviſh'd Soul aſcends;
As thus it would the Patriarch's Ladder climb,
By ſome good Angel led to Worlds ſublime:
Oft (Legends ſay) the Snake, with waken'd Ire,
Like *Envy* rears in many a ſcaly Spire;
Then Songſters droop, then yield their vital Gore,
And Innocence, and Muſick are no more.

Mild rides the Morn in orient Beauty dreſt,
An azure Mantle, and a purple Veſt,
Which, blown by Gales, her gemmy Feet diſplay,
Her amber Treſſes negligently gay.

Collected

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Collected now her rosy Hand they fill,
And, gently wrung, the pearly Dews distill.
The songful Zephyrs, and the laughing Hours
Breathe sweet; and strew her op'ning Way with Flow'rs.

The chatt'ring Swallows leave their nested Care,
Each promising Return with plenteous Fare.
So the fond Swain, who to the Market hies,
Stills, with big Hopes, his Infant's tender Cries.

Yonder two Turtles, o'er their callow Brood,
Hang hov'ring, ere they seek their guiltless Food.
Fondly they bill. Now to their morning Care,
Like our first Parents, part the am'rous Pair:
But ah! — a Pair no more! — with spreading Wings,
From the high, founding Cliff a Vultur springs;
Steady he sails along th' aerial Grey,
Swoops down, and bears yon tim'rous Dove away.
Start we, who, worse than Vulturs, *Nimrods* find,
Men meditating Prey on human Kind?

Wild Beasts to gloomy Dens repace their Way,
Where their couch'd Young demand the slaughterd Prey.
Rooks, from their nodding Nests, black-swarming fly,
And, in hoarse Uproar, tell the Fowler nigh.

Now

Now, in his Tabernacle rouz'd, the Sun
Is warn'd the blue, ætherial Steep to run.
While on his Couch of floating Jaſper laid,
From his bright Eye *Sleep* calls the dewy Shade.
The cryſtal Dome tranſparent Pillars raiſe,
Whence, beam'd from Saphirs living Azure plays:
The liquid Floor, in-wrought with Pearls divine,
Where all his Labours in Moſaïc ſhine.
His Coronet, a Cloud of Silver-white;
His Robe with unconſuming Crimſon bright,
Varied with Gems, all Heaven's collected Store!
While his looſe Locks deſcend, a golden Shower.
If to his Steps compar'd, we tardy find
The *Grecian* Racers, who outſtript the Wind.
Fleet to the glowing Race behold him ſtart!
His quick'ning Eyes a quiv'ring Radiance dart,
And, while the laſt nocturnal Flag is furl'd,
Swift into Life and Motion look the World.
The Sun-flow'r now averts her blooming Cheek
From Weſt, to view his Eaſtern Luſtre break.
What gay, creative Pow'r his Preſence brings?
Hills, Lawns, Lakes, Villages!—the Face of Things.
All Night beneath ſucceſſive Shadows miſs'd,
Inſtant begins in Colours to exiſt:
But abſent theſe from Sons of Riot keep,
Loſt in impure, unmeditating Sleep.

T'unlock

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T'unlock his Fence, the new-ris'n Swain prepares,
And ere forth-driv'n recounts his fleecy Cares;
When, lo! an ambuſh'd Wolf, with Hunger bold,
Springs at the Prey, and fierce invades the Fold!
But by the Paſtor not in vain defied,
Like our arch Foe by ſome celeſtial Guide.

Spread on yon Rock the Sea-Calf I ſurvey,
Baſk'd in the Sun, his Skin reflects the Day.
He ſees yon Tow'r-like Ship the Waves divide,
And ſlips again beneath the glaſſy Tide.

The watry Herbs, and Shrubs, and Vines, and Flow'rs,
Rear their bent Heads, o'erchang'd with nightly Show'rs.

Hail, glorious Sun! to whoſe attractive Fires,
The waken'd, vegetative Life aſpires!
The Juices, wrought by thy directive Force,
Thro' Plants, and Trees, perform their genial Courſe,
Extend in Root, with Bark unyielding bind
The hearted Trunk; or weave the branching Rind;
Expand in Leaves, in flow'ry Bloſſoms ſhoot,
Bleed in rich Gums, and ſwell in ripen'd Fruit.
From thee, bright, univerſal Pow'r! began
Inſtinct in Brute, and gen'rous Love in Man.

Talk'd

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Talk'd I of Love?—Yon Swain, with am'rous Air,
Soft ſwells his Pipe, to charm the rural Fair.
She milks the Flocks; then, liſt'ning as he plays,
Steals, in the running Brook, a conſcious Gaze.

The Trout, that deep, in Winter, ooz'd remains,
Up-ſprings and Sunward turns its crimſon Stains.

The Tenants of the Warren, vainly chac'd,
Now lur'd to ambient Fields for green Repaſt,
Seek their ſmall, vaulted Labyrinths in vain;
Entangling Nets betray the ſkipping Train;
Red Maſſacres thro' their Republic fly,
And Heaps on Heaps by ruthleſs Spaniels dye.

The Fiſher, who the lonely Beech has ſtray'd,
And all the live-long Night his Net-work ſpread,
Drags in, and bears the loaded Snare away;
Where flounce, deceiv'd, th' expiring finny Prey.

Near *Neptune's* Temple, (*Neptune's* now no more)
Whoſe Statue plants a Trident on the Shore,
In ſportive Rings the gen'rous Dolphins wind,
And eye, and think the Image human Kind:
Dear, pleaſing Friendſhip!—See! the Pile commands
The Vale, and grim as *Superſtition* ſtands!
Time's Hand there leaves its Print of moſſy green,
With Hollows, carv'd for Snakes, and Birds obſcene.

O GIBBS,

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O GIBBS, whoſe Art the ſolemn Fane can raiſe,
Where GOD delights to dwell, and *Man* to praiſe;
When moulder'd thus the Column falls away,
Like ſome great Prince, majeſtic in Decay;
When *Ignorance*, and *Scorn* the Ground ſhall tread,
Where *Wiſdom* tutor'd, and *Devotion* pray'd;
Where ſhall thy pompous Work our Wonder claim?
What, but the *Muſe* alone, preſerve thy Name?

The Sun ſhines, broken, thro' yon Arch, that rears
This once-round Fabric, half-depriv'd by Years,
Which roſe a ſtately Colonade, and crown'd
Encircling Pillars, now unfaithful found;
In Fragments, theſe the Fall of thoſe forbode,
Which, nodding, juſt up-heave their crumbling Load.
High, on yon Column, which has batter'd ſtood
Like ſome ſtripp'd Oak, the Grandeur of the Wood,
The Stork inhabits her aërial Neſt;
By her are Liberty and Peace careſt;
She flies the Realms, that own deſpotick Kings,
And only ſpreads o'er free-born States her Wings.
The Roof is now the Daw's, or Raven's Haunt,
And loathſome Toads in the dark Entrance pant;
Or Snakes, that lurk to ſnap the heedleſs Fly,
And fated Bird, that oft comes flutt'ring by.

An Aqueduct acroſs yon Vale is laid,
It's Channel thro' a ruin'd Arch betray'd;

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Whirl'd down a Steep, it flies with Torrent-Force,
Flashes, and roars, and plows a devious Course.

Attracted Mists a golden Cloud commence,
While thro' high-colour'd Air strike Rays intense,
Betwixt two Points, which yon steep Mountains show,
Lies a mild Bay, to which kind Breezes flow.
Beneath a Grotto, arch'd for calm Retreat,
Leads length'ning in the Rock—Be this my Seat.
Heat never enters here; but *Coolness* reigns
O'er Zephyrs, and distilling, watry Veins.
Secluded now I trace th' instructive Page,
And live o'er Scenes of many a backward Age;
Thro' Days, Months, Years, thro' Time's whole Course I run,
And present stand where Time itself begun.

Ye mighty *Dead* of just, distinguish'd Fame,
Your Thoughts, (ye bright Instructers!) here I claim.
Here ancient Knowledge opens Nature's Springs;
Here Truths historic give the Hearts of Kings.
Hence Contemplation learns white Hours to find,
And labours Virtue on th' attentive Mind.
O lov'd Retreat! thy Joys Content bestow,
Nor Guilt, nor Shame, nor sharp Repentance know.
What the fifth *Charles* long aim'd in Power to see,
That Happiness he found reserv'd in Thee.

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Now let me change the Page—Here *Tully* weeps,
While in Death's icy Arms his *Tullia* sleeps,
His Daughter dear!—Retir'd I see him mourn,
By all the Frenzy now of Anguish torn.
Wild his Complaint! Nor sweeter *Sorrow's* Strains,
When *Singer* for *Alexis* lost complains.
Each Friend condoles, expostulates, reproves:
More than a Father raving *Tully* loves;
Or *Salluſt* censures thus!—Unheeding Blame,
He ſchemes a Temple to his *Tullia's* Name.
Thus o'er my *Hermit* once did Grief prevail,
Thus roſe *Olympia's* Tomb, his moving Tale,
The Sighs, Tears, frantic Starts, that baniſh Reſt,
And all the burſting Sorrows of his Breaſt.

But hark! a ſudden Pow'r attunes the Air!
Th' inchanting Sound enamour'd Breezes bear;
Now low, now high, they ſink, or lift the Song,
Which the Cave echoes ſweet, and ſweet the Creeks
prolong.

I liſten'd, gaz'd, when, wondrous to behold!
From Ocean ſteam'd, a Vapour gath'ring roll'd:
A blue, round Spot on the Mid-roof it came,
Spread broad, and redden'd into dazzling Flame.
Full-orb'd it ſhone, and dimm'd the ſwimming Sight,
While doubling Objects danc'd with darkling Light.

Amaz'd

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Amaz'd I ſtood!—amaz'd I ſtill remain!
What earthly Pow'r this Wonder can explain?
Gradual at length the Luſtre dies away:
My Eyes reſtor'd a mortal Form ſurvey.
My Hermit-Friend? 'Tis He.—All hail! (he cries)
I ſee, and would alleviate, thy Surprize.
The vaniſh'd Meteor was Heaven's Meſſage meant,
To warn thee hence; I knew the high Intent.
Hear then! In this ſequeſter'd Cave retir'd,
Departed Saints converſe with Men inſpir'd.
'Tis ſacred Ground; nor can thy Mind endure,
Yet unprepar'd, an Intercourſe ſo pure.
Quick let us hence—And now extend thy Views
O'er yonder Lawn; there find the Heav'n-born *Muſe!*
Or ſeek her, where ſhe truſts her tuneful Tale
To the mid, ſilent Wood, or vocal Vale;
Where Trees half check the Light with trembling Shades;
Cloſe in deep Glooms, or open clear in Glades;
Or where ſurrounding Viſtas far deſcend,
The Landſcape varied at each leſſ'ning End!
She, only *She* can mortal Thought refine,
And raiſe thy Voice to Viſitants divine.

The END of the FOURTH CANTO.

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THE WANDERER.

A VISION.

CANTO V.

WE left the Cave. Be Fear (ſaid I) defied!
Virtue (for thou art Virtue) is my Guide.

By time-worn Steps a ſteep Aſcent we gain,
Whoſe Summit yields a Proſpect o'er the Plain.
There, bench'd with Turf, an Oak our Seat extends,
Whoſe Top a verdant, branch'd Pavilion bends.
Viſtas with Leaves diverſify the Scene,
Some pale, ſome brown, and ſome of lively green.

Now, from the full-grown Day a beamy Shower
Gleams on the Lake, and gilds each gloſſy Flower.
Gay

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Gay Inſects ſparkle in the genial Blaze,
Various as Light, and countleſs as its Rays.
They dance on ev'ry Stream, and pictur'd play,
'Till, by the watry Racer, ſnatch'd away.

Now, from yon Range of Rocks, ſtrong Rays rebound,
Doubling the Day on flow'ry Plains around:
Kingcups beneath far-ſtriking Colours glance,
Bright as th' etherial glows the green Expanſe.
Gems of the Field! — the *Topaz* charms the Sight,
Like theſe, effulging yellow Streams of Light.
From the ſame Rocks, ſall Rills with ſoften'd Force,
Meet in yon Mead, and well a River's Source.
Thro' her clear Channel, ſhine her finny Shoals,
O'er Sands, like Gold, the liquid Cryſtal rolls.
Dim'd in yon coarſer Moor, her Charms decay,
And ſhape, thro' ruſtling Reeds, a ruffled Way.
Near Willows ſhort and buſhy Shadows throw:
Now loſt, ſhe ſeems thro' nether Tracts to flow;
Yet, at yon Point, winds out in Silver State,
Like Virtue from a Labyrinth of Fate.
In length'ning Rows, prone from the Mountains, run
The Flocks: — their Fleeces gliſt'ning in the Sun;
Her Streams they ſeek, and, 'twixt her neighb'ring Trees,
Recline in various Attitudes of Eaſe.
Where the Herds ſip, the little ſcaly Fry,
Swift from the Shore, in ſcatt'ring Myriads fly.

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Each liv'ried Cloud, that round th' Horizon glows,
Shifts in odd Scenes, like Earth, from whence it roſe.
The Bee hums wanton in yon Jeſſ'mine Bower,
And circling ſettles, and deſpoils the Flower.
Melodious there the plumy Songſters meet,
And call charm'd *Echo* from her arch'd Retreat.
Neat, poliſh'd Manſions riſe in Proſpect gay;
Time-batter'd Tow'rs frown awful in Decay;
The Sun plays glitt'ring on the Rocks, and Spires,
And the Lawn lightens with reflected Fires.

Here *Mirth*, and *Fancy's* wanton Train advance,
And to light Meaſures turn the ſwimming Dance.
Sweet, ſlow-pac'd *Melancholy* next appears,
Pompous in Grief, and Eloquent of Tears.
Here *Meditation* ſhines, in Azure dreſt,
All-ſtarr'd with Gems: A Sun adorns her Creſt.
Religion, to whoſe lifted, raptur'd Eyes
Seraphic Hoſts deſcend from opening Skies;
Beauty, who ſways the Heart, and charms the Sight;
Whoſe Tongue is Muſic, and whoſe Smile Delight;
Whoſe Brow is Majeſty; whoſe Boſom Peace;
Who bad Creation be, and Chaos ceaſe;
Whoſe Breath perfumes the Spring; whoſe Eye divine
Kindled the Sun, and gave its Light to ſhine.

Here,

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Here, in thy Likeneſs, fair * OPHELIA, ſeen,
She throws kind Luſtre o'er th' enliven'd Green.
Next her *Deſcription*, robed in various Hues,
Invites Attention from the penſive *Muſe!*
The *Muſe!* — ſhe comes! refin'd the *Paſſions* wait,
And *Precept*, ever winning, wiſe, and great.
The *Muſe!* a thouſand *Spirits* wing the Air:
(Once *Men*, who made like *her* Mankind their Care)
Inamour'd round her preſs th' inſpiring Throng,
And ſwell to Extacy her ſolemn Song.

Thus in the Dame each nobler Grace we find,
Fair WORTLEY's angel-Accent, Eyes, and Mind.
Whether her Sight the dew-bright Dawn ſurveys,
The Noon's dry Heat, or Evening's temper'd Rays,
The Hours of Storm, or Calm, the gleby Ground,
The coral'd Sea, gem'd Rock, or Sky profound,
A RAPHAEL's Fancy animates each Line,
Each Image ſtrikes with Energy divine;
BACON, and NEWTON in her Thought conſpire;
Not ſweeter than her Voice is HANDEL's Lyre.

My Hermit thus. She beckons us away:
Oh, let us ſwift the high Beheſt obey!

Now thro' a Lane, which mingling Tracts have croſt,
The Way unequal, and the Landſcape loſt,

* Mrs. OLDFIELD.

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We rove. The Warblers lively Tunes eſſay,
The *Lark* on Wing, the *Linnet* on the Spray.
While Muſic trembles in their ſongful Throats,
The *Bull-finch* whiſtles ſoft his flute-like Notes.
The bolder *Black-bird* ſwells ſonorous Lays;
The varying *Thruſh* commands a tuneful Maze;
Each a wild Length of Melody purſues;
While the ſoft-murm'ring, am'rous *Wood-Dove* cooes.
And, when in Spring theſe melting Mixtures flow,
The *Cuckoo* ſends her Uniſon of Woe.

But as ſmooth Seas are furrow'd by a Storm;
As Troubles all our tranquil Joys deform;
So, loud through Air, unwelcome Noiſes ſound,
And Harmony's at once, in Diſcord, drown'd.
From yon dark Cypreſs, croaks the *Raven's* Cry;
As diſſonant the *Daw*, *Jay*, chatt'ring *Pye:*
The clam'rous *Crows* abandon'd Carnage ſeek,
And the harſh *Owl* ſhrills out a ſharp'ning Shriek.

At the Lane's End a high-lath'd Gate's prefer'd,
To bar the Treſpaſs of a vagrant Herd.
Faſt by, a meagre Mendicant we find,
Whoſe ruſſet Rags hang flutt'ring in the Wind:
Years bow his Back, a Staff ſupports his Tread,
And ſoft white Hairs ſhade thin his palſied Head.
Poor Wretch! — Is this for Charity his Haunt?
He meets the frequent Slight, and ruthleſs Taunt.

On

On Slaves of Guilt oft ſmiles the ſquand'ring Peer;
But paſſing knows not common Bounty here.
Vain Thing! in what doſt thou ſuperior ſhine:
His our firſt Sire: what Race more ancient thine?
Leſs backward trac'd, he may his Lineage draw
From Men, whoſe Influence kept the World in Awe:
Whoſe worthleſs Sons, like thee, perchance conſum'd
Their ample Store, their Line to Want was doom'd.
So thine may periſh, by the Courſe of Things,
While his, from Beggers, re-aſcend to Kings.
Now *Lazar*, as thy Hardſhips I peruſe,
On my own State inſtructed would-I muſe.
When I view Greatneſs, I my Lot lament,
Compar'd to thee, I ſnatch ſupreme Content.
I might have felt, did Heav'n not gracious deal,
A Fate, which I muſt mourn to ſee thee feel.
But ſoft! the Cripple our Approach deſcries,
And to the Gate, tho' weak, officious hies.
I ſpring preventive, and unbar the Way,
Then, turning, with a Smile of Pity ſay,
Here, Friend! — this little Copper Alms receive,
Inſtance of Will, without the Pow'r to give.
Hermit, if here with Pity we reflect,
How muſt we grieve, when Learning meets Neglect?
When God-like Souls endure a mean Reſtraint;
When gen'rous Will is curb'd by tyrant Want.
He truly feels what to Diſtreſs belongs,
Who, to his private, adds a People's Wrongs;

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Merit's a Mark, at which Diſgrace is thrown,
And ev'ry injur'd Virtue is his own.
Such their own Pangs with Patience here endure,
Yet there weep Wounds, they are denied to cure.
Thus rich in Poverty, thus humbly Great,
And, tho' depreſs'd, ſuperior to their Fate,
Minions in Pow'r, and Miſers, 'mid their Store,
Are mean in Greatneſs, and in Plenty poor.
What's Pow'r, or Wealth? Were they not form'd for Aid,
A Spring for Virtue, and from Wrongs a Shade?
In Pow'r we ſalvage Tyranny behold,
And wily Av'rice owns polluted Gold.
From golden Sands her Pride could *Libya* raiſe,
Could ſhe, who ſpreads no Paſture, claim our Praiſe?
Loath'd were her Wealth, where rabid Monſters breed;
Where Serpents, pamper'd on her Venom, feed.
No ſheltry Trees invite the Wand'rer's Eye,
No Fruits, no Grain, no Gums, her Tracts ſupply;
On her vaſt Wilds no lovely Proſpects run;
But all lies barren, tho' beneath the Sun.

My Hermit thus. I know thy Soul believes,
'Tis hard Vice triumphs, and that Virtue grieves;
Yet oft Affliction purifies the Mind,
Kind Benefits oft flow from Means unkind.
Were the whole known, what we uncouth ſuppoſe,
Doubtleſs, would beauteous Symmetry diſcloſe.

The

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The naked Cliff, that ſingly rough remains,
In Proſpect dignifies the fertile Plains;
Lead-colour'd Clouds, in ſcatt'ring Fragments ſeen,
Shew, tho' in broken Views, the blue ſerene.
Severe Diſtreſſes Induſtry inſpire;
Thus Captives oft excelling Arts acquire,
And boldly ſtruggle thro' a State of Shame,
To Life, Eaſe, Plenty, Liberty, and Fame.
Sword-law has often *Europe's* Ballance gain'd,
And one red Vict'ry Years of Peace maintain'd.
We paſs thro' Want to Wealth, thro' diſmal Strife
To calm Content, thro' Death to endleſs Life.
Libya thou nam'ſt — Let *Africk's* Waſtes appear
Curſt by thoſe Heats, that fructify the Year;
Yet the ſame Sun her Orange-Groves befriend,
Where cluſt'ring Globes in ſhining Rows depend.
Here when fierce Beams o'er with'ring Plants are roll'd,
There the green Fruit ſeems ripen'd into Gold.
Ev'n Scenes, that ſtrike with terrible Surprize,
Still prove a God, juſt, merciful, and wiſe.
Sad wintry Blaſts, that ſtrip the Autumn, bring
The milder Beauties of a flow'ry Spring.
Ye ſulph'rous Fires in jaggy Lightnings break!
Ye Thunders rattle, and ye Nations ſhake!
Ye Storms of riving Flame the Foreſt tear!
Deep crack the Rocks! rent Trees be whirl'd in Air!
Reft at a Stroke, ſome ſtately Fane we'll mourn;
Her Tombs wide-ſhatter'd, and her Dead up-torn;

Were

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Were noxious Spirits not from Caverns drawn,
Rack'd Earth would ſoon in Gulphs enormous yawn:
Then all were loſt! — Or ſhould we floating view
The baleful Cloud, there would Deſtruction brew;
Plague, Fever, Frenzy cloſe-engend'ring lie,
'Till theſe red Ruptures clear the ſullied Sky.

Now a Field opens to enlarge my Thought,
In parcell'd Tracts to various Uſes wrought.
Here hard'ning Ripeneſs the firſt Blooms behold,
There the laſt Bloſſoms Spring-like Pride unfold.
Here ſwelling Peas on leafy Stalks are ſeen,
Mix'd Flow'rs of Red and Azure ſhine between;
Whoſe waving Beauties, heighten'd by the Sun,
In colour'd Lanes along the Furrows run.
There the next Produce of a genial Shower,
The Bean freſh-bloſſoms in a ſpeckled Flower;
Whoſe Morning Dews, when to the Sun reſign'd,
With undulating Sweets embalm the Wind.
Now daiſy Plats of Clover ſquare the Plain,
And part the bearded from the beardleſs Grain.
There fibrous Flax with Verdure binds the Field,
Which on the Loom ſhall art-ſpun Labours yield.
The Mulb'ry, in fair ſummer Green array'd,
Full in the midſt ſtarts up, a ſilky Shade.
For human Taſte the rich-ſtain'd Fruitage bleeds;
The Leaf the Silk-emitting Reptile feeds.

As

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As Swans their Down, as Flocks their Fleeces leave,
Here Worms for Man their glofſy Entrails weave.
Hence to adorn the Fair, in Texture gay,
Sprigs, Fruits, and Flow'rs on figur'd Veſtments play:
But *Induſtry* prepares them oft to pleaſe
The guilty Pride of vain, luxuriant Eaſe.

Now frequent, duſty Gales offenſive blow,
And o'er my Sight a tranſient Blindneſs throw.
Windward we ſhift. Near down th'etherial Steep,
The Lamp of Day hangs hov'ring o'er the Deep.
Dun Shades, in rocky Shapes up Ether roll'd,
Project long, ſhaggy Points, deep-ting'd with Gold.
Others take faint th'unripen'd Cherry's Die,
And paint amuſing Landſcapes on the Eye.
There blue-veil'd Yellow, thro' a Sky ſerene,
In ſwelling Mixture forms a floating Green.
Streak'd thro' white Clouds a mild Vermilion ſhines,
And the Breeze freſhens, as the Heat declines.

Yon crooked, ſunny Roads change-riſing Views
From brown, to ſandy-red, and chalky Hues.
One mingled Scene another quick ſucceeds,
Men, Chariots, Teams, yok'd Steers, and prancing Steeds,
Which climb, deſcend, and, as loud Whips reſound,
Stretch, ſweat, and ſmoke along unequal Ground.

On

On winding *Thames*, reflecting radiant Beams;
When Boats, Ships, Barges mark the roughen'd Streams,
This Way, and that, they diff'rent Points purſue;
So mix the Motions, and ſo ſhifts the View.
While thus we throw around our gladden'd Eyes,
The Gifts of Heav'n in gay Profuſion riſe;
Trees rich with Guiſns, and Fruits; with Jewels Rocks;
Plains with Flow'rs, Herbs, and Plants, and Beeves, and Flocks;
Mountains with Mines; with Oak, and Cedar, Woods;
Quarries with Marble, and with Fiſh the Floods.
In dark'ning Spots, mid Fields of various Dies,
Tilth new-manur'd, or naked Fallow lies.
Near Uplands fertile Pride encloſs'd diſplay,
The green Graſs yellowing into ſcentful Hay,
And thick-ſet Hedges fence the full-ear'd Corn,
And Berries blacken on the virid Thorn.
Mark in yon Heath oppos'd the cultur'd Scene,
Wild Thyme, pale Box, and Firs of darker green.
The native Strawberry red-ripening grows,
By Nettles guarded, as by Thorns the Roſe.
There Nightingales in unprun'd Copſes build,
In ſhaggy Furzes lies the Hare conceal'd.
'Twixt Ferns, and Thiſtles, unſown Flow'rs amuſe,
And form a luced Chaſe of various Hues;
Many half-grey with Duſt: Confus'd they lie,
Scent the rich Year, and lead the wand'ring Eye.

Contemplative,

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Contemplative, we thread the flow'ry Plain,
The *Muſe* preceding with her heav'nly Train.
When, lo! the Mendicant, ſo late behind,
Strange View! now journeying in our Front we find!
And yet a View more ſtrange our Heed demands;
Touch'd by the Muſe's Wand transform'd he ſtands.
O'er Skin late-wrinkled, inſtant Beauty ſpreads;
The late-dimm'd Eye, a vivid Luſtre ſheds;
Hairs, once ſo thin, now graceful Locks decline;
And Rags now chang'd, in regal Veſtments ſhine.

The Hermit thus. In him the *BARD* behold,
Once ſeen by Midnight's Lamp in Winter's Cold;
The *Bard*, whoſe Want ſo multiplied his Woes,
He ſunk a Mortal, and a Seraph roſe.
See!—where thoſe ſtately Yew-Trees darkling grow,
And, waving o'er yon Graves, brown Horrors throw,
Scornful he points—there, o'er his ſacred Duſt,
Ariſe the ſculptur'd Tomb, and labour'd Buſt.
Vain Pomp! beſtow'd by oſtentatious Pride,
Who to a Life of Want Relief deny'd.

But thus the *Bard*. Are theſe the Gifts of Statè?
Gifts unreceiv'd!—Theſe? Ye ungen'rous Great!
How was I treated when in Life forlorn?
My Claim your Pity; but my Lot your Scorn.

Why

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Why were my ſtudious Hours oppos'd by Need?
In me did Poverty from Guilt proceed?
Did I contemporary Authors wrong,
And deem their Worth, but as they priz'd my Song?
Did I ſooth Vice, or venal ſtrokes betray
In the low-purpos'd, loud polemic Fray?
Did e'er my Verſe immodeſt Warmth contain,
Or, once licentious, heav'nly Truths prophane?
Never.—And yet when Envy ſunk my Name,
Who call'd my ſhadow'd Merit into Fame?
When undeſerv'd a Priſon's Grate I ſaw,
What Hand redeem'd me from the wreſted Law?
Who cloath'd me naked, or when hungry fed?
Why cruſh'd the Living? Why extoll'd the Dead?
But foreign Languages adopt my Lays,
And diſtant Nations ſhame you into Praiſe.
Why ſhou'd *unreliſh'd* Wit theſe Honours cauſe?
Cuſtom, not Knowledge, dictates your Applauſe:
Or think you thus a ſelf-Renown to raiſe,
And mingle your Vain-Glories with my Bays?
Be Your's the mould'ring Tomb! Be mine the Lay
Immortal!—Thus he ſcoffs the Pomp away.

Tho' Words like theſe unletter'd Pride impeach,
To the meek Heart he turns with milder Speech.
Tho' now a Seraph, oft he deigns to wear
The Face of human Friendſhip, oft of Care;

To

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To walk diſguis'd an Object of Relief,
A learn'd, good Man, long exercis'd in Grief;
Forlorn, a friendleſs Orphan oft to roam,
Craving ſome kind, ſome hoſpitable Home;
Or, like *Ulyſſes*, a low Lazar ſtand,
Beſeeching Pity's Eye, and Bounty's Hand;
Or, like *Ulyſſes*, Royal Aid requeſt,
Wand'ring from Court to Court, a King diſtreſt.
Thus varying Shapes, the ſeeming Son of Woe
Eyes the cold Heart, and Hearts that gen'rous glow;
Then to the *Muſe* relates each lordly Name,
Who deals impartial Infamy, and Fame.
Oft, as when Man, in mortal ſtate depreſs'd,
His Lays taught Virtue, which his Life confeſs'd,
He now forms viſionary Scenes below,
Inſpiring Patience in the Heart of Woe;
Patience that ſoftens every ſad Extreme,
That caſts thro' Dungeon-Glooms a chearful Gleam,
Diſarms Diſeaſe of Pain, mocks Slander's Sting,
And ſtrips of Terrors the terrific King,
'Gainſt *Want*, a ſourer Foe, its Succour lends,
And ſmiling ſees th' Ingratitude of Friends.

Nor are theſe Taſks to him alone conſign'd,
Millions inviſible befriend Mankind.
When watry Structures, ſeen croſs Heav'n t'aſcend,
Arch above Arch in radiant Order bend,

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Fancy beholds, a-down each glitt'ring Side,
Myriads of miſſionary Seraphs glide;
She ſees good Angels genial Show'rs beſtow
From the red Convex of the dewy Bow.
They ſmile upon the Swain: He views the Prize;
Then grateful bends, to bleſs the bounteous Skies.
Some Winds collect, and ſend propitious Gales
Oft where *Britannia's* Navy ſpreads her Sails;
There ever waſting, on the Breath of Fame,
Unequal'd Glory in her *Sovereign's* Name.
Some teach young Zephyrs vernal Sweets to bear,
And float the balmy Health on ambient Air;
Zephyrs, that oft, where Lovers liſt'ning lie,
Along the Grove in melting Muſic die,
And in lone Caves to Minds poetic roll
Seraphic Whiſpers, that abſtract the Soul.
Some range the Colours, as they parted fly,
Clear-pointed to the philoſophic Eye;
The flaming *Red*, that pains the dwelling Gaze;
The ſtainleſs, lightſome *Yellow's* gilding Rays;
The clouded *Orange*, that betwixt them glows,
And to kind Mixture tawny Luſtre owes;
All-chearing *Green*, that gives the Spring its Dye;
The bright, tranſparent *Blue*, that robes the Sky;
And *Indico*, which ſhaded Light diſplays;
And *Violet*, which in the View decays.
Parental Hues, whence Others all proceed;
An ever-mingling, changeful, countleſs Breed;

Unravel'd,

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Unravel'd, variegated, Lines of Light,
When blended, dazzling in promiſcuous *White*.
Oft thro' theſe Bows departed Spirits range,
New to the Skies, admiring at their Change;
Each Mind a Void, as when firſt-born to Earth,
Beheld a ſecond Blank in ſecond Birth;
Then, as yon *Seraph-Bard* fram'd Hearts below,
Each ſees him here tranſcendant Knowledge ſhow,
New Saints he tutors into Truth refin'd,
And tunes to rapt'rous Love the new-form'd Mind.
He ſwells the Lyre, whoſe loud, melodious Lays
Call high *Hoſannahs* from the Voice of Praiſe;
Tho' one bad Age ſuch Poëſy cou'd wrong,
Now Worlds around retentive roll the Song:
Now God's high Throne the full-voic'd Raptures gain,
Celeſtial Hoſts returning Strain for Strain.

Thus he, who once knew Want without Relief,
Sees Joys reſulting from well-ſuff'ring Grief.
Hark! while we talk, a diſtant, patt'ring Rain
Reſounds! — See! up the broad etherial Plain
Shoots the bright Bow! — The Seraph flits away;
The *Muſe*, the Graces from our View decay.

Behind yon weſtern Hill the Globe of Light
Drops ſudden; faſt-purſued by Shades of Night.

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Yon Graves from winter-Scenes to Mind recall
Rebellion's Council, and Rebellion's Fall.
What Fiends in ſulph'rous, Car-like Clouds up-flew?
What midnight Treaſon glar'd beneath their View?
And now the Traytors rear their *Babel* Schemes,
Big, and more big, ſtupendous Miſchief ſeems;
But *Juſtice*, rouz'd, ſuperior Strength employs,
Their Scheme wide-ſhatters, and their Hope deſtroys.
Diſcord ſhe wills; the miſſile Ruin flies;
Sudden, unnatural Debates ariſe,
Doubt, mutual Jealouſy, and dumb Diſguſt,
Dark-hinted Mutt'rings, and avow'd Diſtruſt;
To ſecret Ferment is each Heart reſign'd;
Suſpicion hovers in each clouded Mind;
They jar, accus'd accuſe, revil'd revile,
And Wrath to Wrath oppoſe, and Guile to Guile;
Wrangling they part, themſelves themſelves betray;
Each dire Device ſtarts naked into Day;
They feel Confuſion in the Van with Fear;
They feel the King of Terrors in the Rear.

Of theſe were three by diff'rent Motives fir'd,
Ambition One, and One Revenge inſpir'd.
The Third, O *Mammon*, was thy meaner Slave;
Thou Idol ſeldom of the Great, and Brave.

Florio, whoſe Life was one continu'd Feaſt,
His Wealth diminiſh'd, and his Debts increas'd,

Vain

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Vain Pomp, and Equipage his low Deſires,
Who ne'er to intellectual Bliſs aſpires;
He, to repair by Vice what Vice has broke,
Durſt with bold Treaſons Judgment's Rod provoke.
His Strength of Mind, by Lux'ry half-diſſolv'd,
Ill brooks the Woe, where deep he ſtands involv'd.
He weeps, ſtamps wild, and to and fro now flies;
Now wrings his Hands, and ſends unmanly Cries,
Arraigns his Judge, affirms unjuſt he bleeds,
And now recants, and now for Mercy pleads;
Now blames Aſſociates, raves with inward Strife,
Upbraids himſelf; then thinks alone on Life.
He rolls red-ſwelling, tearful Eyes around,
Sore ſmites his Breaſt, and ſinks upon the Ground.
He wails, he quite deſponds, convulſive lies,
Shrinks from the fancied Ax, and thinks he dies:
Revives, with Hope enquires, ſtops ſhort with Fear,
Entreats ev'n Flatt'ry, nor the worſt will hear;
The worſt, alas, his Doom!—What Friend replies?
Each ſpeaks with ſhaking Head, and down-caſt Eyes.
One Silence breaks, then pauſes, drops a Tear;
Nor Hope affords, nor quite confirms his Fear;
But what kind Friendſhip part reſerves unknown
Comes thund'ring in his Keeper's ſurly Tone.
Enough—ſtruck thro' and thro', in ghaſtly Stare,
He ſtands transfixt, the Statue of Deſpair;
Nor ought of Life, nor ought of Death he knows,
Till Thought returns, and brings Return of Woes,

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Now pours a Storm of Grief in gushing Streams:
That past——Collected in himself he seems,
And with forc'd Smile retires—His latent Thought
Dark, horrid, as the Prison's dismal Vault.

If with himself at Variance ever-wild,
With angry Heav'n how stands he reconcil'd?
No penitential Orisons arise;
Nay, he obtests the Justice of the Skies.
Not for his Guilt, for sentenc'd Life he moans;
His Chains rough-clanking to discordant Groans,
To Bars harsh-grating, heavy-creaking Doors,
Hoarse-echoing Walls, and hollow-ringing Floors,
To Thoughts more dissonant, far, far less kind,
One *Anarchy*, one *Chaos* of the *Mind*.

At length fatigu'd with Grief, on Earth he lies:
But soon as Sleep weighs down th' unwilling Eyes,
Glad Liberty appears, no Damps annoy!
Treason succeeds, and all transforms to Joy.
Proud Palaces their glitt'ring Stores display;
Gain he pursues, and Rapine leads the Way.
What Gold? What Gems?—He strains to seize the Prize;
Quick from his Touch dissolv'd, a Cloud it flies.
Conscious he cries.—And must I wake to weep?
Ah, yet return, return, delusive Sleep!

Sleep

Sleep comes; but Liberty no more:—Unkind,
The Dungeon-Glooms hang heavy on his Mind.
Shrill Winds are heard, and howling Demons call;
Wide-flying Pestals seem rushing'd to fall;
Then close with sudden Claps; a dreadful Din!
He starts, wakes, storms, and all is Hell within.

His Genius flies—reflects he now on prayer?
Alas! bad Spirits turn those Thoughts to Air.
What shall he next? What, straight relinquish Breath,
To bar a publick, just, tho' shameful Death?
Rash, horrid Thought! yet now afraid to live,
Murd'rous he strikes—May Heav'n the Dead forgive!

Why had he thus false Spirit to rebel?
And why not Fortitude to suffer well?
Were his Success, how terrible the Blow?
And it Recoils on him eternal Woe.
Heav'n this Affliction then for Mercy meant,
That a good End might close a Life misspent.

Where no kind Lips the hallow'd Dirge resound,
Far from the Compass of yon sacred Ground;
Full in the Center of three meeting Ways,
Stak'd thro' he lies.—Warn'd let the Wicked gaze.

Near yonder Fane, where Mis'ry sleeps in Peace,
Whose Spire fast-lessens, as these Shades encrease,

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Left to the North, whence oft brew'd Tempeſts roll,
Tempeſts, dire Emblems, *Coſmo*, of thy Soul!
There mark that *Coſmo*, much for Guile renown'd!
His Grave by unbid Plants of Poiſon crown'd.
When out of Pow'r, thro' him the Publick Good,
So ſtrong his factious Tribe, ſuſpended ſtood.
In Pow'r, vindictive Actions were his Aim,
And Patriots periſh'd by th' ungenerous Flame.
If the beſt Cauſe he in the Senate choſe,
Ev'n Right in him from ſome wrong Motive roſe.
The bad he loath'd, and would the Weak deſpiſe;
Yet courted for dark Ends, and ſhun'd the Wiſe.
When ill his Purpoſe, eloquent his Strain;
His Malice had a Look, and Voice humane.
His Smile, the Signal of ſome vile Intent,
A private Ponyard, or empoiſon'd Scent;
Proud, yet to popular Applauſe a Slave;
No Friend he honour'd, and no Foe forgave.
His Boons unfrequent, or unjuſt to Need;
The Hire of Guilt, of Infamy the Meed.
But if they chanc'd on Learned Worth to fall,
Bounty in him was Oſtentation all.
No true Benevolence his Thought ſublimes,
His nobleſt Actions are illuſtrious Crimes.
Fine Parts, which Virtue might have rank'd with Fame,
Enhance his Guilt, and magnify his Shame.
When Parts, and Probity in Man combine,
In Wiſdom's Eye, How charming muſt he ſhine?

Let

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Let him, leſs happy, Truth at leaſt impart,
And what he wants in Genius bear in Heart.

Coſmo, as Death draws nigh, no more conceals
That Storm of Paſſion, which his Nature feels;
He feels much Fear, more Anger, and moſt Pride;
But Pride and Anger make all Fear ſubſide.
Dauntleſs He meets at length untimely Fate;
A deſp'rate Spirit! rather Fierce, than Great.
Darkling he glides along the dreary Coaſt,
A ſullen, wand'ring, ſelf tormenting Ghoſt.

Where veiny Marble dignifies the Ground,
With Emblem fair in Sculpture riſing round,
Juſt where a croſſing, length'ning Iſle we find,
Full Eaſt; whence God returns to judge Mankind,
Once-lov'd *Horatio* ſleeps, a Mind elate!
Lamented Shade, *Ambition* was thy Fate!
Ev'n Angels, wond'ring, oft his Worth ſurvey'd;
Behold a Man, like One of Us! they ſaid.
Strait heard the Furies, and with Envy glar'd,
And to precipitate his Fall prepar'd.
Firſt *Av'rice* came. In vain Self-Love ſhe preſs'd;
The Poor he pitied ſtill, and ſtill redreſs'd:
Learning was his, and Knowledge to commend,
Of Arts a Patron, and of Want a Friend.
Next came *Revenge:* But her Eſſay how Vain?
Nor Hate, nor Envy, in his Heart remain.

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No previous Malice could his Mind engage,
Malice, the Mother of Vindictive Rage.
No—from his Life his Foes might learn to live;
He held it ſtill a Triumph to forgive.
At length *Ambition* urg'd his Country's Weal,
Aſſuming the fair Look of Publick *Zeal*;
Still in his Breaſt ſo gen'rous glow'd the Flame,
The Vice, when there, a Virtue half became.
His pitying Eye ſaw Millions in Diſtreſs,
He deem'd it God-like to have Pow'r to bleſs;
Thus, when unguarded, Treaſon ſtain'd him o'er,
And Virtue, and Content were then no more.

But when to Death by rig'rous Juſtice doom'd,
His genuine Spirit Saint-like State reſum'd,
Oft from ſoft Penitence diſtill'd a Tear;
Oft Hope in heav'nly Mercy lighten'd Fear;
Oft wou'd a Drop from ſtrugling Nature fall,
And then a Smile of Patience brighten all.

He ſeeks in Heav'n a Friend, nor ſeeks in vain;
His guardian Angel ſwift deſcends again;
And Reſolution thus beſpeaks a Mind,
Not ſcorning Life, yet all to Death reſign'd;
—Ye Chains, fit only to reſtrain the Will
Of common, deſp'rate Veterans in Ill,
Tho' rankling on my Limbs ye lie, declare,
Did e'er my riſing Soul your Preſſure wear?

No!

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No!—free as Liberty, and quick as Light,
To Worlds remote ſhe takes unbounded Flight.
Ye Dungeon-Glooms, that dim corporeal Eyes,
Cou'd ye once blot her Proſpect of the Skies?
No!—from her clearer Sight, ye fled away,
Like Error, pierc'd by Truths reſiſtleſs Ray.
Ye Walls, that witneſs my repentant Moan!
Ye Echoes, that to midnight Sorrows groan!
Do I, in Wrath, to you of Fate complain?
Or once betray Fear's moſt inglorious Pain?
No!—Hail, twice hail then ignominious Death!
Behold how willing glides my parting Breath!
Far greater, better far,—Ay far indeed!
Like me, *have* ſuffer'd, and like me *will* bleed.
Apoſtles, Patriarchs, Prophets, Martyrs all,
Like me, once fell, nor murmur'd at their Fall.
Shall I, whoſe Days, at beſt, no Ill deſign'd,
Whoſe Virtue ſhone not, tho' I lov'd Mankind,
Shall I, now guilty Wretch, ſhall I repine?
Ah, no! to Juſtice let me Life reſign!
Quick, as a Friend, wou'd I embrace my Foe!
He taught me Patience, who firſt taught me Woe;
But Friends are Foes, they render Woe ſevere,
For me they wail, from me extort the Tear.
Not thoſe, yet-abſent, miſſive Griefs controul;
Theſe Periods weep, thoſe rave, and theſe condole.
At Entrance ſhrieks a Friend, with pale Surprize;
Another panting, proſtrate, ſpeechleſs lies;

One

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One gripes my Hand, One ſobs upon my Breaſt!
Ah, who can bear?—It ſhocks, it murders Reſt!
And is it your's, alas! my Friends to feel?
And is it mine to comfort, mine to heal?
Is mine the Patience, your's the Boſom-ſtrife?
Ah! would raſh Love lure back my Thoughts to Life?
Adieu, dear, dang'rous Mourners! ſwift depart!
Ah, fly me! fly!—I tear ye from my Heart.

Ye Saints, whom Fears of Death could ne'er controul,
In my laſt Hour compoſe, ſupport my Soul!
See my Blood waſh repented Sin away!
Receive, receive me to eternal Day!

With Words like theſe the deſtin'd Hero dies,
While Angels waft his Soul to happier Skies.

Diſtinction now gives way; yet on we talk,
Full Darkneſs deep'ning o'er the formleſs Walk.
Night treads not with light Step the dewy Gale,
Nor bright-diſtends her Star-embroider'd Veil;
Her leaden Feet, inclement Damps diſtill,
Clouds ſhut her Face, black Winds her Veſture fill;
An Earth-born Meteor lights the ſable Skies,
Eaſtward it ſhoots, and, ſunk, forgotten dies.
So Pride, that roſe from Duſt to guilty Pow'r,
Glares out in vain, ſo Duſt ſhall Pride devour.

Fiſhers,

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Fiſhers, who yonder Brink by Torches gain,
With teethful Tridents ſtrike the ſcaly Train.
Like Snakes in Eagles' Claws, in vain they ſtrive,
When heav'd aloft, and quiv'ring yet-alive.

While here, methought, our Time in Converſe paſs'd,
The Moon Clouds muffled, and the Night wore faſt.
At prowling Wolves was heard the Maſtiff's Bay,
And the warn'd Maſter's Arms forbad the Prey.
Thus Treaſon ſteals, the Patriot thus deſcries,
Forth ſprings the Monarch, and the Miſchief flies.

Pale Glow-worms glimmer'd thro' the Depth of Night,
Scatt'ring, like Hope thro' Fear a doubtful Light.
Lone *Philomela* tun'd the ſilent Grove,
With penſive Pleaſure liſten'd wakeful *Love*.
Half-dreaming *Fancy* form'd an Angel's Tongue,
And *Pain* forgot to groan, ſo ſweet ſhe ſung.
The *Night-Crone*, with the Melody alarm'd,
Now paus'd, now liſten'd, and a while was charm'd;
But like the Man, whoſe frequent-ſtubborn Will
Reſiſts what kind, ſeraphic Sounds inſtill;
Her Heart the Love-inſpiring Voice repell'd,
Her Breaſt with agitating Miſchief ſwell'd;

Which

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Which clos'd her Ear, and tempted to deſtroy
The tuneful Life, that charms with virtuous Joy.

Now faſt we meaſure back the trackleſs Way;
No friendly Stars directive Beams diſplay.
But lo!—a thouſand Lights ſhoot inſtant Rays;
Yon kindling Rock reflects the ſtartling Blaze.
I ſtand aſtoniſh'd—thus the Hermit cries,
Fear not, but liſten with enlarg'd Surprize!
Still, muſt theſe Hours our mutual Converſe Claim,
And ceaſe to echo ſtill *Olympia's* Name?
Grot's, Riv'lets, Groves *Olympia's* Name forget,
Olympia now no ſighing Winds repeat.
Can I be Mortal, and thoſe Hours no more,
Thoſe am'rous Hours, that plaintive Echo's bore?
Am I the ſame? Ah no!—Behold a Mind,
Unrufflʼd, firm, exalted, and refin'd!
Late Months, that made the vernal Seaſon gay,
Saw my Health languiſh off in pale Decay.
No racking Pain yet gave Diſeaſe a Date;
No ſad, preſageful Thought preluded Fate:
Yet number'd were my Days—My deſtin'd End
Near, and more near—Nay, ev'ry Fear ſuſpend!
I paſs'd a weary, ling'ring, ſleepleſs Night;
Then roſe, to walk in Morning's earlieſt Light:
But few my Steps—A faint, and chearleſs few!
Refreſhment from my flagging Spirits flew.

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When, low! retir'd beneath a Cypreſs Shade,
My Limbs upon a flow'ry Bank I laid.
Soon by ſoft-creeping, murm'ring Winds compos'd,
A Slumber preſs'd my languid Eyes—they clos'd:
But clos'd not long,—methought *Olympia* ſpoke;
Thrice loud ſhe call'd, and thrice the Slumber broke.
I wak'd. Forth-gliding from a neighb'ring Wood,
Full in my View the ſhad'wy Charmer ſtood.
Rapt'rous I ſtarted up to claſp the Shade;
But ſtagger'd, fell, and found my Vitals fade.
A mantling Chilneſs o'er my Boſom ſpread,
As if that Inſtant number'd with the Dead.
Her Voice now ſent a far, imperfect Sound,
When in a ſwimming Trance my Pangs were drown'd.
Still farther off ſhe call'd—with ſoft Surprize,
I turn'd,—but void of Strength, and Aid to riſe;
Short, ſhorter, ſhorter yet, my Breadth I drew:
Then up my ſtrugling Soul unburthen'd flew.
Thus from a State, where Sin, and Grief abide,
Heav'n ſummon'd me to Mercy—thus I died.

He ſaid. Th' Aſtoniſhment, with which I ſtart,
Like bolted Ice runs ſhiv'ring thro' my Heart.
Art thou not mortal then? (I cried) But lo!
His Raiment lightens, and his Features glow!
In ſhady Ringlets falls a Length of Hair;
Embloom'd his Aſpect ſhines, enlarg'd his Air.

Mild

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Mild from his Eyes enliv'ning Glories beam;
Mild on his Brow ſits Majeſty ſupreme.
Bright Plumes of ev'ry Die, that round him flow,
Veſt, Robe, and Wings in varied Luſtre ſhow.
He looks, and forward ſteps with Mien Divine;
A Grace celeſtial gives him all to ſhine.
He ſpeaks—Nature is raviſh'd at the Sound,
The Foreſts move, and Streams ſtand liſt'ning round!

Thus he. As Incorruption I aſſum'd,
As inſtant in immortal Youth I bloom'd!
Renew'd, and chang'd, I felt my vital Springs,
With diff'rent Lights diſcern'd the Form of Things;
To Earth my Paſſions fell like Miſts away,
And Reaſon open'd in eternal Day.
Swifter than Thought from World to World I flew,
Celeſtial Knowledge ſhone in ev'ry View.
My Food was Truth—what Tranſport could I miſs?
My Proſpect all Infinitude of Bliſs.
Olympia met me firſt, and, ſmiling Gay,
Onward to Mercy led the ſhining Way;
As far tranſcendant to her wonted Air,
As her dear, wonted ſelf to many a Fair!
In Voice, and Form, Beauty more beauteous ſhews,
And Harmony ſtill more harmonious grows.

She

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She points out Souls, who taught me Friendſhip's Charms,
They gaze, they glow, they ſpring into my Arms!
Well-pleas'd, high Anceſtors my View command;
Patrons, and Patriots all; a glorious Band!
Horatio too, by well-borne Fate refin'd,
Shone out white-rob'd with Saints, a ſpotleſs Mind!
What once, below, Ambition made him miſs,
Humility here gain'd, a Life of Bliſs!
Tho' late, let Sinners then from Sin depart!
Heav'n never yet deſpis'd the contrite Heart.
Laſt ſhone, with ſweet, exalted Luſtre grac'd,
The *SERAPH-BARD*, in higheſt Order plac'd!
Seers, Lovers, Legiſlators, Prelates, Kings,
All raptur'd liſten, as he raptur'd ſings.
Sweetneſs, and Strength his Look, and Lays employ,
Greet Smiles with Smiles, and ev'ry Joy with Joy:
Charmful he roſe; his ever charmful Tongue
Joy to our ſecond Hymeneals ſung;
Still as we paſs'd, the bright, celeſtial Throng
Hail'd us in ſocial *Love*, and heav'nly Song.

Of that no more! my deathleſs Friendſhip ſee!
I come an Angel to the *Muſe* and *Thee*.
Theſe Lights, that vibrate, and promiſcuous ſhine,
Are Emanations all of Forms Divine,
And here the *Muſe*, tho' melted from thy Gaze,
Stands among Spirits, mingling Rays with Rays.

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If thou wou'dſt Peace attain, my Words attend,
The laſt, fond Words of thy departed Friend!
True Joy's a Seraph, that to Heav'n aſpires,
Unhurt it triumphs mid celeſtial Quires.
But ſhou'd no Cares a mortal State moleſt,
Life were a State of Ignorance at beſt.

Know then, if Ills oblige thee to retire,
Thoſe Ills Solemnity of Thought inſpire.
Did not the Soul abroad for Objects roam,
Whence could ſhe learn to call Ideas home?
Juſtly to know thyſelf, peruſe Mankind!
To know thy God, paint Nature on thy Mind!
Without ſuch Science of the worldly Scene,
What is Retirement? empty Pride or Spleen:
But with it Wiſdom. There ſhall Cares refine,
Render'd by *Contemplation* half-divine.
Truſt not the frantick, or myſterious Guide,
Nor ſtoop a Captive to the Schoolman's Pride.
On Nature's Wonders fix alone thy Zeal!
They dim not Reaſon, when they Truth reveal;
So ſhall Religion in thy Heart endure,
From all traditionary Falſhood pure;
So Life make Death familiar to thy Eye,
So ſhalt thou live, as thou may'ſt learn to die;
And, tho' thou view'ſt thy worſt Oppreſſor thrive,
From tranſient Woe, immortal Bliſs derive.

Farewell

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Farewell——Nay ſtop the parting Tear!——I go!
But leave the *Muſe* thy Comforter below.
He ſaid. Inſtant his Pinions upward ſoar,
He leſs'ning as they riſe, till ſeen no more.

While *Contemplation* weigh'd the myſtic view,
The Lights all vaniſh'd, and the Viſion flew.

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VERSES,

Occaſioned by

The Right Honourable the Lady

Viſcounteſs *Tyrconnel's*

RECOVERY at *BATH.*

Firſt Printed in the Year 1730.

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VERSES,

On the RECOVERY of the

Lady Viſcounteſs TYRCONNEL.

WHERE *Thames* with Pride beholds *Auguſta's* Charms
And either *India* pours into her Arms;
Where Liberty bids honeſt Arts abound,
And Pleaſures dance in one eternal round;
High-thron'd appears the Laughter-loving Dame,
Goddeſs of Mirth! *Euphroſyne* her Name.
Her Smile more chearful than a vernal Morn;
All Life! all Bloom! of *Youth* and *Fancy* born.
Touch'd into Joy, what Hearts to her ſubmit!
She looks her *Sire*, and ſpeaks her *Mother's* Wit.

O'er the gay World the ſweet Inſpirer reigns;
Spleen flies, and Elegance her Pomp ſuſtains.
Thee Goddeſs! thee! the Fair and young obey;
Wealth, Wit, Love, Muſic, all confeſs thy Sway.

In

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In the bleak Wild even Want by thee is bleſs'd,
And pamper'd Pride without thee pines for Reſt.
The Rich grow richer, while in thee they find
The matchleſs Treaſure of a ſmiling Mind.
Science by thee flows ſoft in ſocial Eaſe,
And Virtue, loſing Rigour, learns to pleaſe.

The Goddeſs ſummons each illuſtrious Name,
Bids the Gay talk, and forms th'amuſive Game.
She, whoſe fair Throne is fix'd in human Souls,
From Joy to Joy her Eye delighted rolls.
But where (ſhe cry'd) is ſhe, my fav'rite! ſhe,
Of all my Race, the deareſt far to me!
Whoſe Life's the Life of each refin'd Delight?
She ſaid—But no *Tyrconnel* glads her Sight.
Swift ſunk her laughing Eyes in languid Fear;
Swift roſe the ſwelling Sigh, and trembling Tear.
In kind, low Murmurs all the Loſs deplore;
Tyrconnel droops, and Pleaſure is no more.

The Goddeſs ſilent, paus'd in muſeful Air;
But *Mirth*, like *Virtue*, cannot long deſpair.
Cœleſtial-hinted Thoughts gay Hope inſpir'd,
Smiling ſhe roſe, and all with Hope were fir'd.
Where *Bath*'s aſcending Turrets meet her Eyes;
Straight wafted on the tepid Breeze ſhe flies,
She flies, her elder Siſter *Health* to find;
She finds her on the Mountain-Brow reclin'd.

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Around her Birds in earlieſt Conſort ſing;
Her Cheek the Semblance of the kindling Spring;
Freſh-tinctur'd like a ſummer-evening Sky,
And a mild Sun ſits ſmiling in her Eye.
Looſe to the Wind her verdant Veſtments flow;
Her Limbs yet-recent from the Springs below;
There oft ſhe bathes, then peaceful ſits ſecure,
Where every Gale is fragrant, freſh, and pure;
Where Flowers and Herbs their cordial Odours blend,
And all that balmy Vertues faſt aſcend.

Hail Siſter, hail! (the kindred Goddeſs cries)
No common Suppliant ſtands before your Eyes.
You, with whoſe living Breath the Morn is fraught
Fluſh the fair Cheek, and point the chearful Thought!
Strength, Vigour, Wit, depriv'd of thee decline!
Each finer Senſe, that forms Delight, is thine!
Bright Suns by thee diffuſe a brighter Blaze,
And the freſh Green a freſher Green diſplays!
Without thee Pleaſures die, or dully cloy,
And Life with thee, howe'er depreſs'd, is Joy.
Such thy vaſt Power;——The Deity replies,
Mirth never aſks a Boon, which *Health* denies:
Our mingled Gifts tranſcend imperial Wealth;
Health ſtrengthens Mirth, and Mirth inſpirits Health.
Theſe Gales, yon Springs, Herbs, Flowers, and Sun are mine;
Thine is their Smile! be all their Influence thine.

Euphroſyne

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Euphroſyne rejoins — Thy Friendſhip prove!
See the dear, ſickening Object of my Love!
Shall that warm Heart, ſo chearful e'en in Pain,
So form'd to pleaſe, unpleas'd itſelf remain?
Siſter! in her my Smile anew diſplay,
And all the ſocial World ſhall bleſs thy Sway.

Swift, as ſhe ſpeaks, *Health* ſpreads the purple Wing,
Soars in the colour'd Clouds, and ſheds the Spring;
Now bland and ſweet ſhe floats along in Air;
Air feels, and ſoft'ning owns th'etherial Fair!
In ſtill Deſcent ſhe melts on opening Flowers,
And deep impregnates Plants with genial Showers,
The genial Showers, new-riſing to the Ray,
Exhale in roſeate Clouds, and glad the Day.
Now in a Zephyr's borrow'd Voice ſhe ſings,
Sweeps the freſh Dews, and ſhakes them from her Wings,
Shakes them embalm'd; or, in a gentle Kiſs,
Breathes the ſure Earneſt of awakening Bliſs.
Saphira feels it, with a ſoft Surprize,
Glide thro' her Veins, and quicken in her Eyes!

Inſtant in her own Form the Goddeſs glows,
Where, bubbling warm, the mineral Water flows;
Then plunging, to the Flood new Virtue gives;
Steeps ev'ry Charm; and, as ſhe bathes, it lives!

As

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As from her Locks ſhe ſheds the vital Shower,
'Tis done! (ſhe cries) Theſe Springs poſſeſs my Power!
Let theſe immediate to thy Darling roll
Health, Vigour, Life, and gay-returning Soul.
Thou ſmil'ſt *Euphroſyne*; and conſcious ſee,
Prompt to thy Smile, how Nature joys with thee.
All is green Life! all beauty roſy-bright;
Full Harmony, young Love, and dear Delight!
See vernal Hours lead circling Joys along!
All Sun, all Bloom, all Fragrance, and all Song!

Receive thy Care! Now *Mirth* and *Health* combine.
Each Heart ſhall gladden, and each Virtue ſhine.
Quick to *Auguſta* bear thy Prize away;
There let her ſmile, and bid a World be gay.

THE

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THE

BASTARD.

A

POEM,

Inſcribed with all due Reverence to

Mrs. *BRET*, once *Counteſs* of

MACCLESFIELD.

By *RICHARD SAVAGE*,
Son of the late Earl RIVERS.

Decet hæc *dare dona* Novercam. Ov. Met.

First Printed in the Year 1727.

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PREFACE

TO THE

BASTARD.

THE Reader will [illegible] the Verfer were begun, when my Heart was [illegible] than it has been of late; and [illegible] to peft Melancholy.

I hope the World will [illegible] to believe, that no Part of this [illegible] from any *real Anger* against the *Lady*, to [illegible] Severities [illegible] Hands, would fhe deal fo [illegible] very well knows, by [illegible] of many Years, that I have ever been [illegible] her, [illegible] who thought it his Duty to fupport with [illegible] Affections from that Quarter. Indeed [illegible] been capable of *forgiving a Mother*. I [illegible] to receive Pardon *myself* at the hands [illegible]

Neither [illegible] Truth, were the Manner of my Birth *all*, [illegible] Reason for Complaint—— when [illegible] Jiffolee to a gay Turn of Thinking, I [illegible] a DE-RELICT from my Cradle, I have

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PREFACE

TO THE

BASTARD.

THE Reader will eaſily perceive theſe Verſes were begun, when my Heart was gayer, than it has been of late; and finiſhed in Hours of the deepeſt Melancholy.

I hope the World will do me the Juſtice to believe, that no Part of this flows from any *real Anger* againſt the *Lady*, to whom it is inſcribed. Whatever undeſerved Severities I may have received at her Hands, would ſhe deal ſo candidly as acknowledge Truth, ſhe very well knows, by an Experience of many Years, that I have ever behaved myſelf towards her, like one who thought it his Duty to ſupport with Patience all Afflictions from that Quarter. Indeed if I had not been capable of *forgiving a Mother*, I muſt have bluſhed to receive Pardon *myſelf* at the hands of my *Sovereign*.

Neither to ſay Truth, were the Manner of my Birth *all*, ſhould I have any Reaſon for Complaint——— when I am a little [illegible]oſed to a gay Turn of Thinking, I conſider, as I was a DE-RELICT from my Cradle, I have

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have Honour of a lawful *Claim* to the beſt Protection in *Europe*. For being a Spot of *Earth*, to which no body *pretends a Title*, I devolve naturally upon the King, as one of the *Rights* of his *Royalty*.

While I preſume to name his Majeſty, I look back, with Confuſion, upon the *Mercy* I have lately experienced, becauſe it is impoſſible to *remember it, but with* ſomething I would fain *forget*; for the ſake of my future Peace and Alleviation of my paſt Misfortune.

I owe my Life to the *Royal Pity*, if a Wretch can, with Propriety, be ſaid to *live* whoſe Days are fewer than his *Sorrows*; and to whom *Death* had been but a *Redemption* from *Miſery*.

But I will ſuffer my *Pardon* as my *Puniſhment*, till that Life, which has ſo graciouſly been given me, ſhall become conſiderable enough *not to be Uſeleſs* in his Service, to whom it was forfeited. Under Influence of theſe Sentiments, with which his *Majeſty's* great Goodneſs has inſpired me, I conſider my loſs of Fortune and Dignity, as my Happineſs; to which, as I am born without Ambition, I am thrown from them without Repining ——— Poſſeſſing thoſe Advantages, my Care had been, perhaps, but how to enjoy Life; by the Want of them I am taught this nobler Leſſon, to ſtudy how to deſerve it.

R. SAVAGE.

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BASTARD.

A

POEM.

IN Gayer Hours, when high my Fancy ran,
The Muſe, Exulting, thus her Lay began.

Bleſt be the *Baſtard's* Birth! thro' wond'rous Ways,
He ſhines excentric like a Comet's Blaze!
No fickly Fruit of faint Compliance He!
He! ſtampt in Nature's Mint of Extacy!
He lives to build, not boaſt a generous Race:
No Tenth Tranſmitter of a fooliſh Face.
His daring Hope, no Sire's Example bounds;
His Firſt-born Lights no Prejudice confounds.
He, kindling from within, requires no Flame;
He glories in a *Baſtard's* glowing Name.
Born to himſelf, by no Poſſeſſion led,
In Freedom foſter'd, and by Fortune fed;

Nor

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Nor Guides, nor Rules, his Sov'reign Charge [illegible],
His Body Independent, as his Soul:
Loos'd to the World's wide range,—enjoyn'd no Aim;
Prescrib'd no Duty, and assign'd no Name;
Nature's unbounded Son, he stands alone,
His Heart unbyass'd, and his Mind his own.

O *Mother*, yet *no* Mother!—'tis to you,
My Thanks for such distinguish'd Claims are due.
You, unenslav'd to Nature's narrow Laws,
Warm Championess for *Freedom's* Sacred Cause,
From all the dry Devoirs of Blood and Line,
From Ties Maternal, Moral and Divine,
Discharg'd my grasping Soul; push'd me from Shore,
And launch'd me into Life without an Oar.

What had I lost, if conjugally kind,
By Nature hating, yet by Vows confin'd,
Untaught the Matrimonial Bounds to slight,
And coldly conscious of a Husband's Right,
You had *faint-drawn* me with a *Form* alone,
A Lawful Lump of Life by Force your own!
Then, while your backward Will retrench'd Desire,
And unconcurring Spirits lent no Fire,
I had been born your dull, domestic *Heir*,
Load of your Life, and Motive of your Care;
Perhaps been poorly Rich, and meanly Great;
The Slave of Pomp, a Cypher in the State;

Lordly

Lordly neglectful of a Worth unknown,
And ſtumb'ring in a *Seat*, by Chance my own.

For nobler Bleſſings wait the *Baſtard's* Lot;
Conceiv'd in Rapture, and with Fire begot!
Strong as Neceſſity, he ſtarts away,
Climbs againſt Wrongs, and brightens into Day.

Thus Unprophetic, lately miſinſpir'd,
I ſung: Gay flatt'ring Hope, my Fancy fir'd;
Inly ſecure, thro' conſcious Scorn of Ill,
Nor taught by Wiſdom, how to ballance Will,
Raſhly deceiv'd, I ſaw no Pits to ſhun;
But thought to *purpoſe*, and to *act* were *One*;
Heedleſs what pointed Cares pervert his Way,
Whom Caution arms not, and whom Woes betray;
But now expos'd and ſhrinking from Diſtreſs,
I fly to Shelter, while the Tempeſts preſs;
My Muſe to Grief reſigns the varying Tone,
The Raptures languiſh, and the Numbers groan.

O Memory!—thou Soul of Joy and Pain!
Thou Aſtor of our Paſſions o'er again!
Why doſt thou aggravate the Wretches Woe?
Why add continuous Smart to ev'ry Blow?
Few are my Joys; alas! how ſoon forgot!
On that *kind* Quarter thou invad'ſt me not;

While

While sharp, and numberless my Sorrows fall;
Yet thou repeat'st, and multiply'st 'em all!

Is Chance a Guilt in that my disast'rous Heart,
For Mischief never meant, most ever smart?
Can Self-defence be Sin?——Ah, plead no more!
What tho' no purpos'd Malice stain'd thee o'er?
Had Heav'n befriended thy unhappy Side,
Thou had'st not been provok'd,—Or *Thou* had'st died.

Far be the Guilt of homeshed Blood from All,
On whom unsought, embroiling Dangers fall!
Still the pale *Dead* revives, and lives to me,
To me! thro' *Pity's* Eye condemn'd to see.
Remembrance veils his Rage, but swells his Fate;
Griev'd I forgive, and am grown cool too late.
Young, and unthoughtful then; who knows, one Day,
What ripening Virtues might have made their Way!
He might have liv'd, till Folly died in Shame,
Till kindling Wisdom felt a Thirst for Fame.
He might perhaps his Country's Friend have prov'd;
Both happy, gen'rous, candid, and belov'd.
He might have sav'd some Worth, now doom'd to fall;
And I, perchance, in him, have *murder'd* all.

O Fame of late Repentance! Always vain;
Thy Remedies but lull undying Pain.

Where

Where shall my Hope find Rest? — No Mother's Care
Shielded my Infant Innocence with Prayer;
No Father's Guardian Hand my Youth maintain'd,
Call'd forth my Virtues, or from Vice restrain'd;
Is it not time to snatch some powerful Arm,
First to advance, then screen from future Harm?
I am return'd from Death, to live in Pain!
Or wou'd *Imperial Pity* save in Vain?
Distrust it not — What Blame can *Mary* find,
Which gives at once a Life, and rears a Mind?

Mother, miscall'd, Farewell — of Soul severe,
This sad Reflexion yet may force one Tear:
All I was wretched by to you I ow'd,
Alone from Strangers ev'ry Comfort flow'd!

Lost to the Life *you* gave, *Your* Son no more,
And now *adopted*, who was *doom'd* before,
New-born, I may a nobler Mother claim;
But dare not whisper her Immortal *Name*;
Supremely Lovely, and Serenely Great!
Majestick *Mother* of a kneeling *State*!
QUEEN of a People's Heart, who ne'er before
Agreed — Yet now with one Consent *adored*.
One Contest yet remains in this Desire,
Who most shall give Applause, where all Admire.

FINIS.

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LOVE EPISTLES,

IN

VERSE.

In which are included those of

ABELARD and *HELOISE.*

Printed in MDCCLVIII.

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ELOISA

TO

ABELARD.

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The ARGUMENT.

Abelard and *Eloïsa* flouriſh'd in the twelfth Century; they were two of the moſt diſtinguiſh'd perſons of their age in learning and beauty, but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate paſſion. After a long courſe of Calamities, they retired each to a ſeveral Convent, and conſecrated the remainder of their days to religion. It was many years after this ſeparation, that a letter of *Abelard*'s to a Friend, which contain'd the hiſtory of his misfortune, fell into the hands of *Eloïsa*. This awakening all her tenderneſs, occaſion'd thoſe celebrated letters (out of which the following is partly extracted) which give ſo lively a picture of the ſtruggles of grace and nature, virtue and paſſion.

ELOISA

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ELOISA

TO

ABELARD.

IN theſe deep ſolitudes and awful cells,
Where heav'nly-penſive, contemplation dwells,
And ever muſing melancholy reigns;
What means this tumult in a Veſtal's veins?
Why rove my thoughts beyond this laſt retreat?
Why feels my heart its long forgotten heat?
Yet, yet I love!——From *Abelard* it came,
And *Eloïſa* yet muſt kiſs the name.

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Dear fatal name! rest ever unreveal'd,
Nor pass these lips in holy silence seal'd:
Hide it, my heart, within that close disguise,
Where mix'd with God's, his lov'd Idea lies:
Oh write it not my hand——the name appears
Already written——wash it out my tears!
In vain lost *Eloïsa* weeps and prays,
Her heart still dictates, and her hand obeys.

Relentless walls! whose darksome round contains
Repentant sighs, and voluntary pains:
Ye rugged rocks! which holy knees have worn;
Ye grots and caverns shagg'd with horrid thorn!
Shrines! where their vigils pale-ey'd virgins keep,
And pitying saints, whose statues learn to weep!
Tho' cold like you, unmov'd and silent grown,
I have not yet forgot my self to stone.
Heav'n claims me all in vain, while he has part,
Still rebel nature holds out half my heart;
Nor pray'rs nor fasts its stubborn pulse restrain,
Nor tears, for ages, taught to flow in vain.

Soon as thy letters trembling I unclose,
That well-known name awakens all my woes.
Oh name for ever sad! for ever dear!
Still breath'd in sighs, still usher'd with a tear.
I tremble too where'er my own I find,
Some dire misfortune follows close behind.
Line after line my gushing eyes o'erflow,
Led thro' a sad variety of woe:
Now warm in love, now with'ring in my bloom,

Lost

Loſt in a convent's ſolitary gloom!
There ſtern Religion quench'd th' unwilling flame,
There dy'd the beſt of paſſions, Love and Fame.
Yet write, oh write me all, that I may join
Griefs to thy griefs, and echo ſighs to thine.
Nor foes nor fortune take this pow'r away;
And is my *Abelard* leſs kind than they?
Tears ſtill are mine, and thoſe I need not ſpare,
Love but demands what elſe we ſhed in pray'r;
No happier taſk theſe faded eyes purſue;
To read and weep is all they now can do.
Then ſhare thy pain, allow that ſad relief;
Ah, more than ſhare it! give me all thy grief.
Heav'n firſt taught letters for ſome wretch's aid,
Some baniſh'd lover, or ſome captive maid;
They live, they ſpeak, they breathe what love inſpires,
Warm from the ſoul, and faithful to its fires,
The virgin's wiſh without her fears impart,
Excuſe the bluſh, and pour out all the heart,
Speed the ſoft intercourſe from ſoul to ſoul,
And waft a ſigh from *Indus* to the *Pole*.
Thou know'ſt how guiltleſs firſt I met thy flame,
When Love approach'd me under Friendſhip's name;
My fancy form'd thee of angelick kind,
Some Emanation of th' all-beauteous Mind.
Thoſe ſmiling eyes, attemp'ring ev'ry ray,
Shone ſweetly lambent with celeſtial day.

Guiltleſs

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Guiltleſs I gaz'd; heav'n liſten'd while you ſung;
And truths * divine came mended from that tongue.
From lips like thoſe what precept fail'd to move?
Too ſoon they taught me 'twas no ſin to love:
Back thro' the paths of pleaſing ſenſe I ran,
Nor wiſh'd an Angel whom I lov'd a Man.
Dim and remote the joys of ſaints I ſee;
Nor envy them that heav'n I loſe for thee.
How oft', when preſt to marriage, have I ſaid,
Curſe on all laws but thoſe which love has made?
Love, free as air, at ſight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.
Let wealth, let honour, wait the wedded dame,
Auguſt her deed, and ſacred be her fame;
Before true paſſion all thoſe views remove,
Fame, wealth, and honour! what are you to Love?
The jealous God when we profane his fires,
Thoſe reſtleſs paſſions in revenge inſpires,
And bids them make miſtaken mortals groan,
Who ſeek in love for aught but love alone.
Should at my feet the world's great maſter fall,
Himſelf, his throne, his world, I'd ſcorn 'em all:
Not *Cæſar*'s empreſs wou'd I deign to prove;
No, make me miſtreſs to the man I love;
If there be yet another name more free,
More fond than Miſtreſs, make me that to thee!
Oh! happy ſtate! when ſouls each other draw,
When love is liberty, and nature, law:

* *He was her Preceptor in Philoſophy and Divinity.*

All

All then is full, poſſeſſing, and poſſeſs'd,
No craving void left aking in the breaſt:
Ev'n thought meets thought, ere from the lips it part,
And each warm wiſh ſprings mutual from the heart.
This ſure is bliſs (if bliſs on earth there be)
And once the lot of *Abelard* and me.

Alas how chang'd! what ſudden horrors riſe?
A naked lover bound and bleeding lies!
Where, where was *Eloïſe?* her voice, her hand,
Her ponyard, had oppos'd the dire command.
Barbarian ſtay! that bloody ſtroke reſtrain;
The crime was common, common be the pain.
I can no more; by ſhame, by rage ſuppreſs'd,
Let tears, and burning bluſhes ſpeak the reſt.

Canſt thou forget that ſad, that ſolemn day,
When victims at yon' altar's foot we lay?
Canſt thou forget what tears that moment fell,
When, warm in youth, I bade the world farewel?
As with cold lips I kiſs'd the ſacred veil,
The ſhrines all trembled, and the lamps grew pale:
Heav'n ſcarce believ'd the conqueſt it ſurvey'd,
And Saints with wonder heard the vows I made.
Yet then, to thoſe dread altars as I drew,
Not on the Croſs my eyes were fix'd, but you:
Not grace, or zeal, love only was my call,
And if I loſe thy love, I loſe my all.
Come! with thy looks, thy words, relieve my woe;
Thoſe ſtill at leaſt are left thee to beſtow.

Still

Still on that breaſt enamour'd let me lie,
Still drink delicious poiſon from thy eye,
Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be preſs'd:
Give all thou can'ſt——and let me dream the reſt.
Ah no! inſtruct me other joys to prize,
With other beauties charm my partial eyes,
Full in my view ſet all the bright abode,
And make my ſoul quit *Abelard* for God.

Ah think at leaſt thy flock deſerves thy care,
Plants of thy hand, and children of thy pray'r.
From the falſe world in early youth they fled,
By thee to mountains, wilds, and deſarts led.
You * rais'd theſe hallow'd walls; the deſart ſmil'd,
And Paradiſe was open'd in the Wild.
No weeping orphan ſaw his father's ſhores
Our ſhrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors;
No ſilver ſaints, by dying miſers given,
Here bribe the rage of ill-requited heav'n:
But ſuch plain roofs as Piety could raiſe,
And only vocal with the Maker's praiſe.
In theſe lone walls (their day's eternal bound)
Theſe moſs-grown domes with ſpiry turrets crown'd,
Where awful arches make a noon-day night,
And the dim windows ſhed a ſolemn light,
Thy eyes diffus'd a reconciling ray,
And gleams of glory brighten'd all the day.
But now no face divine contentment wears,
'Tis all blank ſadneſs, or continual tears.

* *He founded the Monaſtery.*

See

See how the force of others pray'rs I try,
(Oh pious fraud of am'rous charity!)
But why ſhould I on others pray'rs depend?
Come thou, my father, brother, huſband, friend!
Ah let thy handmaid, ſiſter, daughter move,
And, all thoſe tender names in one, thy love!
The darkſome pines that o'er yon' rocks reclin'd
Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind,
The wand'ring ſtreams that ſhine between the hills,
The grots that echo to the tinkling rills,
The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze;
No more theſe ſcenes my meditation aid,
Or lull to reſt the viſionary maid.
But o'er the twilight groves, and duſky caves,
Long-ſounding iſles, and intermingled graves,
Black Melancholy ſits, and round her throws
A death-like ſilence, and a dread repoſe:
Her gloomy preſence ſaddens all the ſcene,
Shades ev'ry flow'r, and darkens ev'ry green,
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horror on the woods.
Yet here for ever, ever muſt I ſtay;
Sad proof how well a lover can obey!
Death, only death, can break the laſting chain;
And here ev'n then, ſhall my cold duſt remain,
Here all its frailties, all its flames reſign,
And wait 'till 'tis no ſin to mix with thine.

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Ah wretch! believ'd the ſpouſe of God in vain,
Confeſs'd within the ſlave of love and man.
Aſſiſt me heav'n! but whence aroſe that pray'r?
Sprung it from piety, or from deſpair?
Ev'n here, where frozen chaſtity retires,
Love finds an altar for forbidden fires.
I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought;
I mourn the lover, not lament the fault;
I view my crime, but kindle at the view,
Repent old pleaſures, and ſollicit new;
Now turn'd to heav'n, I weep my paſt offence,
Now think of thee, and curſe my innocence.
Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
'Tis ſure the hardeſt ſcience to forget!
How ſhall I loſe the ſin, yet keep the ſenſe,
And love th' offender, yet deteſt the offenſe?
How the dear object from the crime remove,
Or how diſtinguiſh penitence from love?
Unequal taſk! a paſſion to reſign,
For hearts ſo touch'd, ſo pierc'd, ſo loſt as mine.
Ere ſuch a ſoul regains its peaceful ſtate,
How often muſt it love, how often hate!
How often hope, deſpair, reſent, regret,
Conceal, diſdain———do all things but forget.
But let heaven ſeize it, all at once 'tis fir'd!
Not touch'd, but rapt; not weaken'd, but inſpir'd!
Oh come! oh teach me nature to ſubdue,
Renounce my love, my life, my ſelf—and you.

Fill

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Fill my fond heart with God alone, for he
Alone, can rival, can ſucceed to thee.
How happy is the blameleſs Veſtal's lot?
The world forgetting, by the world forgot:
Eternal ſun-ſhine of the ſpotleſs mind!
Each pray'r accepted, and each wiſh reſign'd;
Labour and reſt, that equal periods keep;
'Obedient ſlumbers that can wake and weep;
Deſires compos'd, affections ever even;
Tears that delight, and ſighs that waft to heaven.
Grace ſhines around her with ſereneſt beams,
And whiſp'ring Angels prompt her golden dreams.
For her the Spouſe prepares the bridal ring,
For her white virgins *Hymenæals* ſing,
For her th' unfading roſe of *Eden* blooms,
And wings of Seraphs ſhed divine perfumes,
To ſounds of heav'nly harps ſhe dies away,
And melts in viſions of eternal day.
Far other dreams my erring ſoul employ,
Far other raptures, of unholy joy:
When at the cloſe of each ſad, ſorrowing day,
Fancy reſtores what vengeance ſnatch'd away,
Then conſcience ſleeps, and leaving nature free,
All my looſe ſoul unbounded ſprings to thee.
O curſt, dear horrors of all conſcious night!
How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight!
Provoking Dæmons all reſtraint remove,
And ſtir within me ev'ry ſource of love.

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I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy charms,
And round thy phantom glue my claſping arms.
I wake:——no more I hear, no more I view,
The phantom flies me, as unkind as you.
I call aloud; it hears not what I ſay;
I ſtretch my empty arms; it glides away.
To dream once more I cloſe my willing eyes;
Ye ſoft illuſions, dear deceits, ariſe!
Alas, no more! methinks we wand'ring go
Thro' dreary waſtes, and weep each other's woe,
Where round ſome mould'ring tow'r pale ivy creeps,
And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps.
Sudden you mount, you beckon from the ſkies;
Clouds interpoſe, waves roar, and winds ariſe.
I ſhriek, ſtart up, the ſame ſad proſpect find,
And wake to all the griefs I left behind.

For thee the fates, ſeverely kind, ordain
A cool ſuſpenſe from pleaſure and from pain;
Thy life a long, dead calm of fix'd repoſe;
No pulſe that riots, and no blood that glows.
Still as the ſea, e'er winds were taught to blow,
Or moving ſpirit bade the waters flow;
Soft as the ſlumbers of a ſaint forgiv'n,
And mild as opening gleams of promis'd heav'n.

Come *Abelard!* for what haſt thou to dread?
The torch of *Venus* burns not for the dead.
Nature ſtands check'd; Religion diſapproves;
Ev'n thou art cold——yet *Eloiſa* loves.

Ah

Ah hopeleſs, laſting flames! like thoſe that burn
To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful urn.
What ſcenes appear, where e'er I turn my view,
The dear Ideas where I fly, purſue,
Riſe in the grove, before the altar riſe,
Stain all my ſoul, and wanton in my eyes.
I waſte the Matin lamp in ſighs for thee,
Thy image ſteals between my God and me,
Thy voice I ſeem in ev'ry hymn to hear,
With ev'ry bead I drop too ſoft a tear.
When from the cenſer clouds of fragrance roll,
And ſwelling organs lift the riſing ſoul,
One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,
Prieſts, tapers, temples, ſwim before my ſight;
In ſeas of flame my plunging ſoul is drown'd,
While Altars blaze, and Angels tremble round.
While proſtrate here in humble grief I lie,
Kind, virtuous drops juſt gath'ring in my eye,
While praying, trembling, in the duſt I roll,
And dawning grace is opening on my ſoul:
Come, if thou dar'ſt, all charming as thou art!
Oppoſe thy ſelf to heav'n; diſpute my heart;
Come, with one glance of thoſe deluding eyes
Blot out each bright Idea of the ſkies;
Take back that grace, thoſe ſorrows, and thoſe tears;
Take back my fruitleſs penitence and pray'rs;
Snatch me, juſt mounting, from the bleſt abode:
Aſſiſt the fiends, and tear me from my God!

No,

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No, fly me, fly me, far as Pole from Pole;
Riſe *Alps* between us! and whole oceans roll!
Ah, come not, write not, think not once of me,
Nor ſhare one pang of all I felt for thee.
Thy oaths I quit, thy memory reſign;
Forget, renounce me, hate whate'er was mine.
Fair eyes, and tempting looks (which yet I view!)
Long lov'd, ador'd ideas, all adieu!
O grace ſerene! oh virtue heav'nly fair!
Divine oblivion of low-thoughted care!
Freſh blooming hope, gay daughter of the ſky!
And faith, our early immortality!
Enter, each mild, each amicable gueſt;
Receive, and wrap me in eternal reſt!
See in her cell ſad *Eloïſa* ſpread,
Propt on ſome tomb, a neighbour of the dead!
In each low wind methinks a Spirit calls,
And more than Echoes talk along the walls.
Here, as I watch'd the dying lamps around,
From yonder ſhrine I heard a hollow ſound.
'Come, ſiſter, come! (it ſaid, or ſeem'd to ſay)
'Thy place is here, ſad ſiſter, come away!
'Once like thy ſelf, I trembled, wept and pray'd,
'Love's victim then, tho' now a ſainted maid;
'But all is calm in this eternal ſleep;
'Here grief forgets to groan, and love to weep,
'Ev'n Superſtition loſes ev'ry fear:
'For God, not man, abſolves our frailties here.'
I come, I come! prepare your roſeate bow'rs,
Celeſtial palms, and ever-blooming flowers,

Thi-

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Thither, where ſinners may have reſt, I go,
Where flames refin'd in breaſts ſeraphic glow:
Thou, *Abelard!* the laſt ſad office pay,
And ſmooth my paſſions to the realms of day;
See my lips tremble, and my eye-balls roll,
Suck my laſt breath, and catch my flying ſoul!
Ah no—in ſacred veſtments may'ſt thou ſtand,
The hallow'd taper trembling in thy hand,
Preſent the Croſs before my lifted eye,
Teach me at once, and learn of me to die.
Ah then, thy once lov'd *Eloïſa* ſee!
It will be then no crime to gaze on me.
See from my cheek the tranſient roſes fly!
See the laſt ſparkle languiſh in my eye!
'Till ev'ry motion, pulſe, and breath be o'er;
And ev'n my *Abelard* belov'd no more.
O Death all-eloquent! you only prove
What duſt we doat on, when 'tis man we love.

Then too, when fate ſhall thy fair frame deſtroy,
(That cauſe of all my guilt, and all my joy)
In trance extatic may thy pangs be drown'd,
Bright clouds deſcend, and Angels watch thee round,
From opening ſkies may ſtreaming glories ſhine,
And Saints embrace thee with a love like mine.

May * one kind grave unite each hapleſs name,
And graft my love immortal on thy fame!

* Abelard *and* Eloïſa *were interred in the ſame grave, or in monuments adjoining, in the Monaſtery of the* Paraclete: *He died in the year* 1142, *ſhe in* 1163.

Then

Then, ages hence, when all thy woes are o'er,
When this rebellious heart ſhall beat no more;
If ever chance two wand'ring lovers brings
To *Paraclete*'s white walls and ſilver ſprings,
O'er the pale marble ſhall they join their heads,
And drink the falling tears each other ſheds;
Then ſadly ſay, with mutual pity mov'd,
"Oh may we never love as theſe have lov'd!
From the full quire when loud *Hoſanna*'s riſe,
And ſwell the pomp of dreadful ſacrifice,
Amid that ſcene, if ſome relenting eye
Glance on the ſtone where our cold relicks lie,
Devotion's ſelf ſhall ſteal a thought from heav'n,
One human tear ſhall drop, and be forgiv'n,
And ſure if fate ſome future bard ſhall join
In ſad ſimilitude of griefs to mine,
Condemn'd whole years in abſence to deplore,
And image charms he muſt behold no more;
Such if there be, who loves ſo long, ſo well;
Let him our ſad, our tender ſtory tell;
The well-ſung woes will ſooth my penſive ghoſt;
He beſt can paint 'em who ſhall feel 'em moſt.

ABELARD

ABELARD

TO

ELOISA,

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ABELARD TO ELOISA.

AH, why this boding ſtart, this ſudden pain,
That wings my pulſe, and ſhoots from vein to vein?
What mean, regardleſs of yon' midnight bell,
Theſe earth-born viſions ſad'ning o'er my cell?
What ſtrange diſorder prompts theſe thoughts to glow?
Theſe ſighs to murmur? and theſe tears to flow?
'Tis ſhe, 'tis Eloiſa's form reſtor'd,
Once a pure ſaint, and more than ſaints ador'd:
she comes in all her killing charms confeſt,
Glares thro' the gloom, and pours upon my breaſt,
Bids Heav'n's bright guard from Paraclete remove,
And drags me back to miſery and love,

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Enjoy thy triumphs, dear deluſion! ſee
This ſad apoſtate from his God to thee;
See, at thy call my guilty warmths return,
Flame thro' my blood, and ſteal me from my urn.
Yet, yet, frail Abelard! one effort try,
E'er the laſt ling'ring ſpark of virtue die;
The deadly, charming ſorcereſs controul,
And ſpite of nature tear her from thy ſoul.
Long has that ſoul in theſe unſocial woods,
Where anguiſh muſes, and where horror broods,
From love's wild viſionary wiſhes ſtray'd,
And ſought to loſe thy beauties in the Shade,
Faith drop'd a ſmile, devotion lent her fire,
Woke the keen pang, and ſanctify'd deſire;
Led me enraptur'd to the bleſt abode,
And taught my heart to glow with all its God.
But oh, how weak fair faith and virtue prove!
When Eloiſa melts away in love!
When her fond ſoul impaſſion'd, rapt, unveil'd,
No joy forgotten, and no wiſh conceal'd,
Flows thro' her pen as infant ſoftneſs free,
And fiercely ſprings in ecſtaſies to me.
Ye Heav'ns! as walking in yon' ſacred fane
With ev'ry ſeraph warm in ev'ry vein,
Juſt as remorſe had rous'd an aking ſigh,
And my torn ſoul hung trembling in my eye,
In that kind hour thy fatal letter came,
I ſaw, I gaz'd, I ſhiver'd at the Name;
The conſcious lamps at once forgot to ſhine,
Prophetic tremors ſhook the hallow'd ſhrine;

Prieſts,

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Prieſts, cenſers, altars from thy genius fled,
And Heav'n itſelf ſhut on me while I read.
Dear, ſmiling miſchief! Art thou ſtill the ſame,
The ſtill pale victim of too ſoft a flame?
Warm, as when firſt with more than mortal ſhine
Each melting eye-ball mix'd thy ſoul with mine?
Have not thy tears for ever taught to flow,
The glooms of abſence, and the pangs of woe,
The pomp of ſacrifice, the whiſper'd tale,
The dreadful vow yet hov'ring o'er thy veil,
Drove this bewitching fondneſs from thy breaſt?
Curb'd the looſe wiſh? and form'd each pulſe to reſt?
And canſt thou ſtill, ſtill bend the ſuppliant knee
To love's dead ſhrine? and weep and ſigh for me?
Then take me, take me, lock me in thy arms,
Spring to my lips, and give me all thy charms:
No, fly me, fly me, ſpread the impatient ſail,
Steal the lark's wing, and mount the ſwifteſt gale;
Skim the laſt ocean, freeze beneath the Pole;
Renounce me, curſe me, root me from thy ſoul;
Fly, fly, for juſtice bears the arm of God;
And the graſp'd vengeance only waits his nod.
Are theſe my wiſhes? Can they thus aſpire?
Does phrenſy form them, or does grace inſpire?
Can Abelard, in hurricanes of zeal,
Betray his heart and teach thee not to feel?
Teach thy enamour'd ſpirit to diſown
Each human warmth, and chill thee into ſtone?

The

Ah, rather let my tend'reſt accents move
The laſt wild tumults of unholy love!
On that dear boſom trembling let me lie,
Pour out my ſoul, and in fierce raptures die,
Rouſe all my paſſions, act my joys anew,
Farewell, ye cells! ye martyr'd ſaints! adieu:
Sleep conſcience! ſleep, each awful thought be drown'd,
And ſeven fold darkneſs veil the ſcene around.
What means this pauſe? this agonizing ſtart?
This glimpſe of Heaven ruſhing thro' my heart?
Methinks I ſee a radiant croſs diſplay'd,
A wounded Saviour bleeds along the ſhade;
Around th' expiring God bright angels fly,
Swell the loud hymn, and open all the ſky:
O ſave me, ſave me e're the thunders roll,
And Hell's black caverns ſwallow up my ſoul.
Return, ye hours! when guiltleſs of a ſtain,
My ſtrong plum'd genius throb'd in ev'ry vein,
When warm'd with all th' Ægyptian ſanes inſpir'd,
All Athens boaſted, and all Rome admir'd;
My merit in its full meridian ſhone,
Each rival bluſhing, and each heart my own.
Return, ye ſcenes! ah no, from fancy fly,
On Time's ſtretch'd wing 'till each idea die,
Eternal fly, ſince all that learning gave
Too weak to conquer, and too fond to ſave,
To love's ſoft empire ev'ry wiſh betray'd,
And left my laurel's with'ring in the ſhade.

Let

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Let me forget, that while deceitful fame
Graſp'd her ſhrill trump, and fill'd it with my name,
Thy ſtronger charms, impower'd by Heav'n to move
Each ſaint, each bleſt inſenſible to love.
At once my ſoul from bright ambition won,
I hugg'd the dart, I wiſh'd to be undone,
No more pale ſcience durſt my thoughts engage,
Inſipid dulneſs hung on ev'ry page;
The midnight lamp no more enjoy'd its blaze,
No more my ſpirit flew from maze to maze:
Thy glances bade philoſophy reſign
Her throne to thee, and ev'ry ſenſe was thine.
But what could all the froſts of wiſdom do,
Oppos'd to beauty, when it melts in you?
Since theſe dark, cheerleſs, ſolitary caves,
Death-breathing woods, and daily-op'ning graves,
Miſ-ſhapen rocks, wild images of woe,
For ever howling to the deeps below;
Ungenial deſerts, where no vernal ſhow'r
Wakes the green herb, or paints th'unfolding flow'r;
Th'imbrowning glooms theſe holy manſions ſhed,
The nigh-born horrors brooding o'er my bed,
The diſmal ſcenes black melancholy pours
O'er the ſad viſions of enanguiſh'd hours;
Lean abſtinence, wan grief, low-thoughted care,
Diſtracting guilt, and Hell's worſt fiend, deſpair,

Con-

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Conſpire, in vain, with all the aids of art,
To blot thy dear idea from my heart.
Deluſive, ſightleſs God of warm deſire!
Why wou'd'ſt thou wiſh to ſet a wretch on fire?
Why lives thy ſoft divinity where woe
Heaves the pale ſigh, and anguiſh loves to glow?
Fly to the mead, the daiſy painted vale,
Breathe in its ſweets, and melt along the gale;
Fly where gay ſcenes luxurious youths employ,
Where ev'ry moment ſteals the wing of joy;
There may'ſt thou ſee, low proſtrate at thy throne,
Devoted ſlaves, and victims, all thy own:
Each village ſwain the turf-built ſhrine ſhall raiſe.
And kings command whole hecatombs to blaze.
O memory! ingenious to revive
Each fleeting hour, and teach the *paſt* to live,
Witneſs what conflicts this frail boſom tore!
What griefs I ſuffer'd! and what pangs I bore!
How long I ſtruggled, labour'd, ſtrove to ſave
An heart that panted to be ſtill a ſlave!
When youth, warmth, rapture, ſpirit, love, and flame,
Seiz'd ev'ry ſenſe, and burnt thro' all my frame;
From youth, warmth, rapture, to theſe wilds I fled,
My food the herbage, and the rock my bed.
There, while theſe venerable cloyſters riſe
O'er the bleak ſurge, and gain upon the ſkies,
My wounded ſoul indulg'd the tear to flow
O'er all her ſad viciſſitudes of woe;
Profuſe of life, and yet afraid to die,
Guilt in my heart, and horror in my eye,

With

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With ceaſeleſs prayers, the whole artill'ry given
To win the mercies of offended Heav'n,
Each hill made vocal, eccho'd all around,
While my torn breaſt knock'd bleeding on the ground.
Yet, yet, alas! tho' all my moments fly,
Stain'd by a tear, and darken'd in a ſigh;
Tho' meagre faſts have on my cheek diſplay'd
The duſk of death, and ſunk me to a ſhade,
Spite of myſelf, the ſtill-impois'ning dart
Shoots through my blood, and drinks up all my heart;
My vows and wiſhes wildly diſagree,
And grace itſelf miſtakes my God and thee.
Athwart the glooms, that wrapt the midnight ſky,
My *Eloiſa* ſteals upon my eye;
For ever raiſes in the ſolar ray
A phantom brighter than the blaze of day:
Where e'er I go, the viſionary gueſt
Pants on my lip, or ſinks upon my breaſt;
Unfolds her ſweets, and, throbbing to deſtroy,
Winds round my heart in luxury of joy;
While loud Hoſannas ſhake the ſhrines around,
I hear her ſofter accents in the ſound;
Her idol beauties on each altar glare,
And injur'd heaven has but half my pray'er:
Nor tears can drive her hence, no pangs controul,
For ev'ry object brings her to my ſoul.
Laſt night, reclining on yon' airy ſteep,
My buſy eyes hung brooding o'er the deep:

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The breathleſs whirlwinds ſlept in ev'ry cave,
And the ſoft moon-beam danc'd from wave to wave;
Each former bliſs in this bright mirror ſeen,
With all my glories dawn'd upon the ſcene,
Recall'd the dear, anſpicious hour, anew,
When my fond ſoul to *Eloïſa* flew:
When, with keen ſpeechleſs ecſtaſies oppreſt,
Thy frantic lover ſnatch'd thee to his breaſt,
Gaz'd on thy bluſhes arm'd with ev'ry grace,
And ſaw the goddeſs beaming in thy face;
Saw thy wild, trembling, ardent, wiſhes move
Each pulſe to rapture, and each glance to love.
But lo! the winds deſcend, the billows roar,
Foam to the clouds, and burſt upon the ſhore,
Vaſt peals of thunder o'er the ocean roll,
The flame-wing'd light'ning gleams from pole to pole.
At once the pleaſing images withdrew,
And more than horrors crouded on my view;
Thy uncle's form, in all his ire array'd,
Serenely dreadful ſtalk'd along the ſhade,
Pierc'd by his ſword, I ſunk upon the ground,
The ſpectre ghaſtly ſmil'd upon the wound;
A group of black infernals round me hung,
And toſs'd my infamy from tongue to tongue.
Deteſted wretch! how impotent thy age!
How weak thy malice! and how kind thy rage!
Spite of thyſelf, inhuman as thou art,
Thy murd'ring hand has left me all my heart;
Left me each tender, fond affection, warm,
A nerve to tremble, and an eye to charm.

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No, cruel, cruel, exquiſite in ill,
Thou thought'ſt it dull barbarity to kill;
My death had robb'd loſt vengeance of her toil,
And ſcarcely warm'd a Scythian to a ſmile;
Sublimer furies taught thy ſoul to glow,
With all their ſavage myſteries of woe;
Taught thy unfeeling poniard to deſtroy
The pow'rs of nature, and the ſource of joy;
To ſtretch me on the racks of vain deſire,
Each paſſion throbbing, and each wiſh on fire;
Mad to enjoy, unable to be bleſt,
Fiends in my veins, and hell within my breaſt.
Aid me, fair faith! aſſiſt me, grace divine!
Ye martyrs! bleſs me, and ye ſaints! refine,
Ye ſacred groves! ye heav'n-devoted walls!
Where folly ſickens, and where virtue calls;
Ye vows! ye altars! from this boſom tear
Voluptuous love, and leave no anguiſh there:
Oblivion! be thy blackeſt plume diſplay'd
O'er all my griefs, and hide me in the ſhade;
And thou, too fondly idoliz'd! attend,
While awful reaſon whiſpers in the friend;
Friend, did I ſay? Immortals! what a name?
Can dull, cold friendſhip, own ſo wild a flame?
No; let thy lover, whoſe enkindling eye
Shot all his ſoul between thee and the ſky,
Whoſe warmths bewitch'd thee, whoſe unhallow'd ſong
Call'd thy rapt ear to die upon his tongue,

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Now ſtrongly rouze, while heav'n his zeal inſpires,
Diviner tranſports, and more holy fires;
Calm all my paſſions, all thy peace reſtore,
And teach that ſnowy breaſt to heave no more.
Torn from the world, within dark cells immur'd,
By angels guarded, and by vows ſecur'd,
To all that once awoke thy fondneſs, dead,
And hope, pale ſorrow's laſt ſad refuge, fled;
Why wilt thou weep, and ſigh, and melt, in vain,
Brood o'er falſe joys, and hug th' ideal chain?
Say, canſt thou wiſh, that madly wild to fly
From yon' bright portal op'ning in the ſky,
Thy Abelard ſhou'd bid his God adieu,
Pant at thy feet, and taſte thy charms anew?
Ye heav'ns! if, to this tender boſom woo'd,
Thy meer idea harrows up my blood;
If one faint glimpſe of Eloiſe can move
The fierceſt, wildeſt agonies of love;
What ſhall I be, when, dazzling as the light,
Thy whole Effulgence flows upon my ſight?
Look on thyſelf, conſider who thou art,
And learn to be an abbeſs in thy heart;
See, while devotion's ever-melting ſtrain
Pours the loud organ thro' the trembling fane,
You pious maids each earthly wiſh diſown,
Kiſs the dread croſs, and croud upon the throne:
O let thy ſoul the ſacred charge attend,
Their warmths inſpirit, and their virtues mend;
Teach ev'ry breaſt from ev'ry hymn to ſteal
The ſeraph's meekneſs, and the ſeraph's zeal;

To

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To riſe to rapture, to diſſolve away
In dreams of heav'n, and lead thyſelf the way,
Till all the glories of the bleſt abode
Blaze on the ſcene, and ev'ry thought is God.
While thus thy exemplary cares prevail,
And make each veſtal ſpotleſs as her veil,
Th' eternal ſpirit o'er thy cell ſhall move,
In the ſoft image of the myſtic dove;
The long-loſt gleams of heav'nly comfort bring,
Peace in his ſmile, and healing on his wing;
At once remove affliction from thy breaſt,
Melt o'er her ſoul, and huſh her pangs to reſt.
O that my ſoul, from love's curſt bondage free,
Cou'd catch the tranſports that I urge to thee!
O that ſome angel's more than magic art
Would kindly tear the hermit from this heart!
Extinguiſh ev'ry guilty ſenſe, and leave
No pulſe to riot, and no ſigh to heave.
Vain, fruitleſs wiſh! ſtill, ſtill, the vig'rous flame
Burſts, like an earthquake, thro' my ſhatter'd frame;
Spite of the joys that truth and virtue prove,
I feel but thee, and breathe not but to love;
Repent in vain, ſcarce wiſh to be forgiv'n;
Thy form, my idol, and thy charms, my heav'n.
Yet, yet, my fair! thy nobler efforts try,
Lift me from earth, and give me to the ſky;
Let my loſt ſoul thy brighter virtues feel,
Warm'd with thy hopes, and wing'd with all thy zeal.

And

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And when, low-bending at the hallow'd ſhrine,
Thy contrite heart ſhall Abelard reſign;
When pitying heav'n, impatient to forgive,
Unbars the gates of light, and bids the live;
Seize on th' auſpicious moment e're it flee,
And aſk the ſame immortal boon for me.

Then when theſe black terrific ſcenes are o'er,
And rebel nature chills the ſoul no more;
When on thy cheek th' expiring roſes fade,
And thy laſt luſtres darken in the ſhade;
When arm'd with quick varieties of pain,
Or creeping dully ſlow from vein to vein,
Pale death ſhall ſet my kindred ſpirit free,
And theſe dead orbs forget to doat on thee;
Some pious friend, whoſe wild affections glow
Like ours, in ſad ſimilitude of woe,
Shall drop one tender ſimpathizing tear,
Prepare the garland, and adorn the bier;
Our lifeleſs reliques in one tomb enſhrine,
And teach thy genial duſt to mix with mine.

Mean while, divinely purg'd from ev'ry ſtain,
Our active ſouls ſhall climb th' ætherial plain,
To each bright cherub's purity aſpire,
Catch all his zeal, and beam with all his fire;
There, where no face the glooms of anguiſh wears,
No uncle murders, and no paſſion tears,
Enjoy with heav'n eternity of reſt,
For ever bleſſing, and for ever bleſt!

F I N I S.

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SAPHO

TO

PHAON.

From OVID.

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SAPHO

TO

PHAON.

SAY, lovely Youth, that do'ſt my Heart command,
Can *Phaon*'s Eyes forget his *Sapho*'s Hand?
Muſt then her Name the wretched Writer prove,
To thy Remembrance loſt, as to thy Love?
Aſk not the Cauſe that I new Numbers chuſe,
The Lute neglected, and the Lyric muſe;
Love taught my Tears in ſadder Notes to flow,
And tun'd my Heart to Elegies of Woe.
I burn, I burn, as when thro' ripen'd Corn
By driving Winds the ſpreading Flames are born!
Phaon to *Etna*'s ſcorching Fields retires,
While I conſume with more than *Ætna*'s Fires!
No more my Soul a Charm in Muſic finds,
Muſic has Charms alone for peaceful Minds.
Soft Scenes of Solitude no more can pleaſe,
Love enters there, and I'm my own Diſeaſe.
No more the *Leſbian* Dames my Paſſion move,
Once the dear Objects of my guilty Love;

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All other Loves are loſt in only thine,
Ah Youth ungrateful to a Flame like mine!
Whom would not all thoſe blooming Charms ſurprize,
Thoſe heavenly Looks, and dear deluding Eyes?
The Harp and Bow would you like *Phœbus* bear,
A brighter *Phœbus Phaon* might appear;
Would you with Ivy wreath your flowing Hair,
Not *Bacchus*' ſelf with *Phaon* could compare:
Yet *Phœbus* lov'd, and *Bacchus* felt the Flame,
One *Daphne* warm'd, and one the *Cretan* Dame,
Nymphs that in Verſe no more could rival me,
Than ev'n thoſe Gods contend in Charms with thee.
The Muſes teach me all their ſofteſt Lays,
And the wide World reſounds with *Sapho*'s Praiſe,
Tho' great *Alcæus* more ſublimely ſings,
And ſtrikes with bolder Rage the ſounding Strings,
No leſs Renown attends the moving Lyre,
Which *Venus* tunes, and all her Loves inſpire,
To me what Nature has in Charms deny'd,
Is well by Wit's more laſting Flames ſupply'd.
Tho' ſhort my Stature, yet my Name extends
To Heav'n itſelf, and Earth's remoteſt Ends.
Brown as I am, an *Æthiopian* Dame
Inſpir'd young *Perſeus* with a gen'rous Flame,
Turtles and Doves of diff'ring Hues, unite,
And gloſſy jet is pair'd with ſhining White.
If to no Charms thou wilt thy Heart reſign,
But ſuch as merit, ſuch as equal thine,

By

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By none alas! by none thou canſt be mov'd,
Phaon alone by *Phaon* muſt be lov'd!
Yet once thy *Sapho* could thy Cares employ,
Once in her Arms you center'd all your Joy:
No Time the dear Remembrance can remove,
For oh! how vaſt a Memory has Love?
My Muſic, then, you could for ever hear,
And all my Words were Muſic to your Ear.
You ſtopp'd with Kiſſes my inchanting tongue,
And found my Kiſſes ſweeter than my Song.
In all I pleas'd, but moſt in what was beſt;
And the laſt Joy was dearer than the reſt.
Then with each Word, each Glance, each Motion fir'd,
You ſtill enjoy'd, and yet you ſtill deſir'd,
'Till all diſſolving in the Trance we lay,
And in tumultuous Raptures dy'd away.
The fair *Sicilians* now thy Soul inflame;
Why was I born, ye Gods, a *Leſbian* Dame?
But ah beware, *Sicilian* Nymphs! nor boaſt
That wand'ring Heart which I ſo lately loſt;
Nor be with all thoſe tempting Words abus'd,
Thoſe tempting Words were all to *Sapho* us'd.
And you that rule *Sicilia*'s happy Plains,
Have Pity, *Venus*, on your Poet's Pains!
Shall Fortune ſtill in one ſad Tenor run,
And ſtill increaſe the Woe ſo ſoon begun?
Enur'd to Sorrow from my tender Years,
My Parent's Aſhes drank my early Tears:

My

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My Brother next, neglecting Wealth and Fame,
Ignobly burn'd in a deſtructive Flame:
An infant Daughter late my Griefs increas'd,
And all a Mother's Cares diſtract my Breaſt.
Alas, what more could Fate itſelf impoſe,
But thee, the laſt and greateſt of my Woes?
No more my Robes in waving Purple flow,
Nor on my Hand the ſparkling Diamonds glow;
No more my Locks in Ringlets curl'd diffuſe
The coſtly Sweetneſs of *Arabian* Dews,
Nor Braids of Gold the varied Treſſes bind,
That fly diſorder'd with the wanton Wind:
For whom ſhould *Sapho* uſe ſuch Arts as theſe?
He's gone, whom only ſhe deſir'd to pleaſe!
Cupid's light Darts my tender Boſom move,
Still is there Cauſe for *Sapho* ſtill to love:
So from my Birth the Sifters fix'd my Doom,
And gave to *Venus* all my Life to come;
Or while my Muſe in melting Notes complains,
My yielding Heart keeps Meaſure to my Strains.
By Charms like thine which all my Soul have won,
Who might not———ah! who would not be undone?
For thoſe *Aurora Cephalus* might ſcorn,
And with freſh Bluſhes paint the conſcious Morn.
For thoſe might *Cynthia* lengthen *Phaon*'s Sleep,
And bid *Endymion* nightly tend his Sheep.
Venus for thoſe had rapt thee to the Skies,
But *Mars* on thee might look with *Venus*' Eyes.

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O ſcarce a Youth, yet ſcarce a tender Boy!
O uſeful Time for Lovers to employ!
Pride of thy Age, and Glory of thy Race,
Come to theſe Arms, and melt in this Embrace!
The Vows you never will return, receive;
And take at leaſt the Love you will not give.
See, while I write, my Words are loſt in Tears;
The leſs my Senſe, the more my Love appears.
Sure 'twas not much to bid one kind Adieu,
(At leaſt to feign was never hard to you)
Farewell my *Leſbian* Love, you might have ſaid,
Or coldly thus, farewell oh *Leſbian* Maid!
No Tear did you, no parting Kiſs receive,
Nor knew I then how much I was to grieve.
No Lover's Gift your *Sapho* could confer,
And Wrongs and Woes were all you left with her.
No Charge I gave you, and no Charge could give,
But this, be mindful of our Loves, and live.
Now by the Nine, thoſe Pow'rs ador'd by me,
And Love, the God that ever waits on thee,
When firſt I heard (from whom I hardly knew)
That you were fled, and all my Joys with you,
Like ſome ſad Statue, ſpeechleſs, pale, I ſtood,
Grief chill'd my Breaſt, and ſtopp'd my freezing Blood;
No Sigh to riſe, no Tear had Pow'r to flow,
Fix'd in a ſtupid Lethargy of Woe:
But when its Way th' impetuous Paſſion found,
I rend my Treſſes, and my Breaſt I wound,

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I rave, then weep, I curſe, and then complain,
Now ſwell to Rage, now melt in Tears again.
Not fiercer Pangs diſtract the mournful Dame,
Whoſe firſt-born Infant feeds the fun'ral Flame.
My ſcornful Brother with a Smile appears,
Inſults my Woes, and triumphs in my Tears,
His hated Image ever haunts my Eyes,
And why this Grief? thy Daughter lives, he cries.
Stung with my Love, and furious with Deſpair,
All torn my Garments, and my Boſom bare,
My Woes, thy Crimes, I to the World proclaim;
Such inconſiſtent Things are Love and Shame!
'Tis thou art all my Care and my Delight,
My daily Longing, and my Dream by Night:
Oh Night more pleaſing than the brighteſt Day.
When Fancy gives what Abſence takes away,
And dreſs'd in all its viſionary Charms,
Reſtores my fair Deſerter to my Arms!
Then round your Neck in wanton Wreaths I twine,
Then you, methinks, as fondly cirle mine:
A thouſand tender Words, I hear and ſpeak;
A thouſand melting Kiſſes, give, and take:
Then fiercer Joys——I bluſh to mention theſe,
Yet while I bluſh, confeſs how much they pleaſe.
But when, with Day, the ſweet Deluſions fly,
And all Things wake to Life and Joy, but I,
As if once more forſaken, I complain,
And cloſe my Eyes, to dream of you again:
Then frantic riſe, and like ſome Fury rove
Thro' lonely Plains, and thro' the ſilent Grove,

As

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As if the ſilent Grove, and lonely Plains
That knew my Pleaſures, could relieve my Pains.
I view the Grotto, once the Scene of Love,
The Rocks around, the hanging Roofs above,
That charm'd me more, with native Moſs o'er-
grown,
Than *Phrygian* Marble, or the *Porian* Stone.
I find the Shades that veil'd our Joys before,
But, *Phaon* gone, thoſe Shades delight no more.
Here the preſs'd Herbs with bending Tops betray
Where oft' entwin'd in am'rous Folds we lay;
I kiſs that Earth which once was preſs'd by you,
And all with Tears the with'ring Herbs bedew.
For thee the fading Trees appear to mourn,
And Birds defer their Songs till their Return:
Night ſhades the Groves, and all in Silence lie,
All, but the mournful *Philomel* and I:
With mournful *Philomel* I join my Strain,
Of *Tereus* ſhe, of *Phaon* I complain.

A Spring there is, whoſe Silver Waters ſhow
Clear as a Glaſs, the ſhining Sands below;
A flowry *Lotos* ſpreads its Arms above,
Shades all the Banks, and ſeems itſelf a Grove;
Eternal Greens the moſſy Margin Grace,
Watch'd by the ſylvan Genius of the Place.
Here as I lay, and ſwell'd with Tears the Flood,
Before my Sight a wat'ry Virgin ſtood,
She ſtood and cry'd, "O you that love in vain!
"Fly hence, and ſeek the fair *Leucadian* Main;

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" There ſtands a Rock from whoſe impending ſteep
" *Apollo*'s Fane ſurveys the rolling Deep;
" There injur'd Lovers leaping from above,
" Their Flames extinguiſh, and forget to love.
" *Deucalion* once with hopeleſs Fury burn'd,
" In vain he lov'd, relentleſs *Pyrrha* ſcorn'd;
" But when from hence he plung'd into the Main,
" *Deucalion* ſcorn'd, and *Pyrrha* lov'd in vain.
" Haſte *Sapho*, haſte, from high *Leucadia* throw
" Thy wretched Weight, nor dread the Deeps below!
She ſpoke, and vaniſh'd with the Voice—I riſe,
And ſilent Tears fall trickling from my Eyes.
I go, ye Nymphs! thoſe Rocks and Seas to prove;
How much I fear, but ah, how much I love!
I go, ye Nymphs! where furious Love inſpires;
Let Female Fears ſubmit to Female Fires.
To Rocks and Seas I fly from *Phaon*'s Hate,
And hope from Seas and Rocks a milder Fate.
Ye gentle Gales, beneath my Body blow,
And ſoftly lay me on the Waves below!
And thou, kind *Love*, my ſinking Limbs ſuſtain,
Spread thy ſoft Wings, and waft me o'er the Main,
Nor let a Lover's Death the guiltleſs Flood profane!
On *Phœbus*' Shrine my Harp I'll then beſtow,
And this Inſcription ſhall be plac'd below.
" Here ſhe who ſung, to him that did inſpire,
" *Sapho* to *Phœbus* conſecrates her Lyre;
" What ſuits with *Sapho*, *Phœbus*, ſuits with thee,
" The Gift, the Giver and the God agree;

But

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But why, alas, relentleſs Youth, ah why
To diſtant Seas muſt tender *Sapho* fly?
Thy Charms than thoſe may far more powerful be,
And *Phœbus'* ſelf is leſs a God to me.
Ah! can'ſt thou doom me to the Rocks and Sea,
O far more faithleſs and more hard than they?
Ah! canſt thou rather ſee this tender Breaſt
Daſh'd on theſe Rocks than to thy Boſom preſt?
This Breaſt which once, in vain! you lik'd ſo well;
Where the Loves play'd, and where the Muſes dwell.
Alas! the Muſes now no more inſpire,
Untun'd my Lute, and Silent is my Lyre,
My languid Numbers have forgot to flow,
And Fancy ſinks beneath a Weight of Woe.
Ye *Leſbian* Virgins, and ye *Leſbian* Dames,
Themes of my Verſe, and Objects of my Flames,
No more your Groves with my glad Songs ſhall ring,
No more theſe Hands ſhall touch the trembling String:
My *Phaon*'s fled, and I thoſe Arts reſign
(Wretch that I am, to call that *Phaon* mine!)
Return, fair Youth, return, and bring along
Joy to my Soul, and Vigour to my Song:
Abſent from thee, the Poet's Flame expires,
But ah! how fiercely burn the Lover's fires?
Gods! can no Pray'rs, no Sighs, no Numbers move
One Savage Heart, or teach it how to love?

The

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The Winds my Pray'rs, my Sighs, my Numbers bear,
The flying Winds have loſt them all in Air!
Oh when, alas! ſhall more auſpicious Gales
To theſe fond Eyes reſtore thy welcome Sails?
If you return——ah why theſe long Delays?
Poor *Sapho* dies while careleſs *Phaon* ſtays.
O launch thy Bark, nor fear the Watry Plain;
Venus for thee ſhall ſmooth her native Main.
O launch thy Bark, ſecure of proſp'rous Gales;
Cupid for thee ſhall ſpread the ſwelling Sails.
If you will fly——(yet ah! what Cauſe can be,
Too cruel Youth, that you ſhould fly from me?)
If not from *Phaon* I muſt hope for Eaſe,
Ah let me ſeek it from the raging Seas:
To raging Seas unpity'd I'll remove,
And either ceaſe to live, or ceaſe to love!

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MANNERS:

A

SATIRE.

By Mr. *WHITEHEAD.*

Paulus vel Coſſus vel Druſus MORIBUS *eſto.*
JUVENAL.

LONDON:
Printed in the Year MDCCXXXIX.

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MANNERS:

A

SATIRE.

"
ELL —— of all Plagues which
" make Mankind their Sport,
" Guard me, Ye Heav'ns! from
" that worſt Plague — a Court.
" 'Midſt the mad Manſions of *Moor-fields*, I'd be
" A Straw-crown'd Monarch, in mock Majeſty;
" Rather than Sovereign rule *Britannia*'s Fate,
" Curs'd with the Follies and the Farce of State.
" Rather in *Newgate-Walls*, O! let me dwell,
" A doleful Tenant of the darkling Cell,
" Than ſwell in Palaces the mighty Store
" Of Fortune's Fools, and Paraſites of Pow'r.

" Than

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" Than Crowns, Ye Gods! be any State my Doom;
" Or any Dungeon; but —— a Drawing-Room.

" Thrice happy *Patriot*, whom no Courts debaſe,
" No Titles leſſen, and no Stars diſgrace.
" Still nod the Plumage o'er the brainleſs Head;
" Still o'er the faithleſs Heart the Ribband ſpread.
" Such Toys may ſerve to ſignalize the Tool,
" To gild the Knave, or garniſh out the Fool;
" While, You, with *Roman* Virtue arm'd, diſdain
" The tinſel Trappings and the glitt'ring Chain:
" Fond of your Freedom ſpurn the venal Fee,
" And prove He's only *Great* —— who dares be *Free*.

Thus ſung *Philemon* in his calm Retreat,
Too wiſe for Pow'r, too virtuous to be great.

But whence this Rage at Courts? reply'd his Grace.
Say, is the mighty Crime, to be in Place?
Is that the deadly Sin, mark'd out by Heav'n,
For which no Mortal e'er can be forgiv'n?
Muſt All, All ſuffer, who in Courts engage,
Down from Lord Steward, to the puny Page?

Can

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Can Courts and Places be ſuch ſinful Things?
The ſacred Gifts and Palaces of Kings.

A PLACE may claim our Rev'rence, Sir, I own;
But then the Man its Dignity muſt crown:
'Tis not the Truncheon, or the Ermine's Pride,
Can ſkreen the Coward, or the Knave can hide.
Let STAIR and †*** head our Arms and Law,
The Judge and Gen'ral muſt be view'd with Awe:
The Villain then would ſhudder at the Bar;
And *Spain* grow humble at the Sound of WAR.

WHAT Courts are ſacred? when I tell your Grace,
MANNERS alone muſt ſanctify the Place.
Hence only each its proper Name receives;
Haywood's a Brothel; † *White*'s a Den of Thieves:
Bring Whores and Thieves to Court, you change the Scene,
St. *J*----*s*'s turns the Brothel, and the Den.

† It is to be lamented that the Barreneſs of the preſent Times obliges the Author to truſt to Poſterity, for the Supply of a proper Character in this Place.

† Dr. SWIFT ſays, 'That the late Earl of OXFORD, in "the Time of his Miniſtry, never paſs'd by *White*'s *Choco-*"*late-houſe* (the common Rendezvous of infamous Sharpers "and noble Cullies) without beſtowing a Curſe upon that "famous Academy, as the Bane of half the *Engliſh No-*"*bility*."

Who

WHO would the courtly Chapel holy call,
Tho' the whole Bench ſhould conſecrate the Wall?
While the trim Chaplain, conſcious of a See,
Cries out my King, 'I have no God but thee':
Lifts to the Royal Seat the asking Eye,
And pays to *George* the Tribute of the Sky;
Proves Sin alone from humble Roofs muſt ſpring,
Nor can one earthly Failing ſtain a King.

BISHOPS and KINGS may conſecrate, 'tis true;
MANNERS alone claim Homage as their Due.
Without, the Court and Church are both prophane,
Whatever Prelate preach, or Monarch reign;
Religion's Roſtrum *Virtue*'s Scaffold grows,
And Crowns and Mitres are mere Raree-ſhows.

IN vain behold yon rev'rend Turrets riſe
And *Sarum*'s ſacred Spire ſalute the Skies:
If the lawn'd *Levite*'s earthly Vote be ſold,
And God's free Gift retail'd for *Mammon* Gold;
No Rev'rence can the proud Cathedral claim,
But *Henley*'s Shop, and *Sherlock*'s are the ſame.

WHENCE

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WHENCE have St. *Stephen's* Walls ſo hallow'd been?

Whence? From the Virtue of his Sons within.
But ſhould ſome guileful Serpent, void of Grace,
Glide in its Bounds, and poiſon all the Place;
Should e'er the ſacred Voice be ſet to Sale,
And o'er the Heart the golden Fruit prevail;
The Place is alter'd, Sir, not think it ſtrange,
To ſee the Senate ſink into a Change.

OR Court, or Church, or Senate-houſe, or Hall,
MANNERS alone beam Dignity on all.
Without their Influence, Palaces are Cells;
* *Crane-Court* a Magazine of Cockle-ſhells;
The ſolemn Bench no Boſom ſtrikes with Awe,
But *Weſtminſter's* a Ware-houſe of the Law.

THESE honeſt Truths, my Lord, deny you can;
Since all allow that 'MANNERS *make the* MAN'.
Hence only Glories to the Great belong,
Or Peers muſt mingle with the peaſant Throng.

Tho' ſtrung with Ribbands, yet behold his Grace
Shines but a Lacquey in a higher Place:

* The *Royal Society.*

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Strip the gay Liv'ry from the Courtier's back,
What marks the Difference 'twixt *My Lord* and *Jack?*
The ſame mean, ſupple, mercenary Knave,
The Tool of Power, and of State the Slave:
Alike the vaſſal Heart in each prevails,
And all his Lordſhip boaſts is larger Vales.

WEALTH, Manors, Titles may deſcend, 'tis true,
But ev'ry Heir muſt *Merit's* Claim renew.

WHO bluſhes not to ſee a *C*---- Heir
Turn Slave to Sound, and languiſh for a * Play'r?
What piping, fidling, ſqueaking, quav'ring, bawling,
What ſing-ſong Riot, and what Eunuch-ſquawling:
C----, thy Worth all *Italy* ſhall own,
A Stateſman fit, where † *Nero* fill'd the Throne.

SEE poor *Lævinus* anxious for Renown,
Through the long Gallery trace his Lineage down,
And claim each Hero's Viſage for his own.

* That living Witneſs of the Folly, Extravagance and Depravity of the *Engliſh*, *Farinello*, who is now at the Court of *Spain* triumphing in the Spoils of our Nobility, as their Pyrates are in in thoſe of our injur'd Merchants.

† A *Roman* Emperor remarkable for his Paſſion for Muſic.

What

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What tho' in each the ſelf-ſame Features ſhine,
Unleſs ſome lineal Virtue marks the Line,
In vain, alas! He boaſts his Grandſire's Name,
Or hopes to borrow Luſtre from his Fame.
Who but muſt ſmile, to ſee the tim'rous Peer
Point 'mong his Race our Bulwark in the War?
Or in ſad *Engliſh* tell how Senates hung
On the ſweet Muſic of his Father's Tongue?
Unconſcious, tho' his Sires were wiſe and brave,
Their Virtues only find in him a Grave.

Nor ſo with † *Stanhope*; ſee by him ſuſtain'd
Each hoary Honour which his Sires had gain'd.
To him the Virtues of his Race appear
The precious Portion of five hundred Year;
Deſcended down, by him to be enjoy'd,
Yet holds the Talent loſt, if unimploy'd.
From hence behold his gen'rous Ardour riſe,
To ſwell the ſacred Stream with freſh Supplies:
Abroad the Guardian of his Country's Cauſe;
At Home a *Tully* to defend her Laws.
Senates with Awe the patriot Sounds imbibe,
And bold Corruption almoſt drops the Bribe.

† The Right Honourable the Earl of *Cheſterfield*.

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Thus added Worth to Worth, and Grace to Grace,
He beams new Glories back upon his Race....

Ask ye what's Honour? I'll the Truth impart.
Know, Honour, then, is Honesty of Heart.
To the sweet Scenes of social * *Stow* repair,
And search the Master's Breast, -- You'll find it there.
Too proud to grace the Sycophant or Slave,
It only harbours with the Wise and Brave;
Ungain'd by Titles, Places, Wealth, or Birth:
Learn this, and learn to blush, ye Sons of Earth!
Blush to behold this Ray of Nature made
The Victim of a *Ribband*, or *Cockade*.

Ask the proud Peer, What's Honour? He displays
A purchas'd Patent, or the Herald's Blaze;
Or if the Royal Smile his Hopes has blest,
Points to the glitt'ring Glory on his Breast:
Yet if beneath no real Virtue reign,
On the gay Coat, the Star is but a Stain:
For I could whisper in his Lordship's Ear,
Worth only beams true Radiance on the Star.

* The Seat of the Right Honourable the Lord Viscount *Cobham*.

Hence

Hanes ſee the garter'd Glory dart its Rays,
And ſhine round *E*--- with redoubl'd Blaze:
Ask ye from whence this Flood of Luſtre's ſeen?
Why *E*--- whiſpers, votes, and ſaw *Turin*.

Long *Milo* reign'd the Minion of Renown,
Loud his Eulogiums echo'd thro' the Town;
Where'er he went ſtill Crouds around him throng,
And hail'd the Patriot as he paſs'd along.
See the loſt Peer, unhonour'd now by all,
Steal thro' the Street, or skulk along the *Mall*;
Applauding Sounds no more ſalute his Ear,
But the loud *Pean*'s ſunk into a Sneer.
Whence you'll enquire could ſpring a Change ſo ſad?
Why the poor Man ran military mad:
By this miſtaken Maxim ſtill miſled,
That Men of Honour muſt be cloath'd in Red.
My Grandſire wore it, *Milo* cries ---- 'tis good:
But know the Grandſire ſtain'd it red with Blood.
Firſt 'midſt the deathful Dangers of the Field,
He ſhone his Country's Guardian and its Shield;
Taught *Danube*'s Stream with *Gallic* Gore to flow;
Hence bloom'd the Laurel on the Grandſire's Brow:

But

But ſhall the Son expect the Wreath to wear
For the mock Triumphs of an *Hyde-Park* War?
Sooner ſhall *Bunhill Blenheim*'s Glories claim,
Or *Billers* rival brave *Eugene* in Fame:
Sooner a like Reward their Labours crown,
Who ſtorm a Dunghill, and who ſack a Town.

MARK our bright Youths how gallant and how gay,
Freſh plum'd and powder'd in Review array.
Unſpoil'd each Feature by the martial Scar,
Lo! *A*----- aſſumes the God of War:
Yet vain while prompt to Arms by Plume and Pay,
He claims the Soldier's Name from Soldier's Play.
This Truth, my Warriour, treaſure in thy Breaſt,
A ſtanding Soldier is a ſtanding Jeſt.
When bloody Battles dwindle to Reviews,
Armies muſt then deſcend to Puppet-ſhews;
Where the lac'd Log may ſtrut the Soldier's Part,
Bedeck'd with Feather, tho' unarm'd with Heart.

THERE are who ſay-"You laſh the Sins of Men,
"Leave, Leave to *Pope* the Poignance of the Pen;
"Hope not the Bays ſhall wreath around thy Head
"*Faunius* may write, but *Flaccus* will be read."

Shall

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Shall only One have Privilege to blame?
What then, are Vice and Folly Royal Game?
Muſt all be Poachers who attempt to kill?
All, but the mighty Sovereign of the Quill?
Shall *Pope*, alone, the plenteous Harveſt have,
And I not glean one ſtraggling Fool, or Knave?
Praiſe, 'tis allow'd, is free to all Mankind;
Say, why ſhould honeſt Satire be confin'd?
Tho', like th' immortal Bard's, my feeble Dart
Stains not its Feather in the culprit Heart;
Yet know, the ſmalleſt Inſect of the Wing
The Horſe may teaze, or Elephant can ſting:
Ev'n I, by chance, a lucky Shaft may pour,
And gall ſome great *Leviathan* of Pow'r.

I name not *W----e*; You the Reaſon gueſs;
Mark yon fell Harpy hov'ring o'er the Preſs.
Secure the Muſe may ſport with Names of Kings,
But Miniſters, my Friend, are dang'rous Things.
Who would have * *P----n* anſwer what he writ?
Or ſpecial Juries, Judges of his Wit?

* A famous Solliciter.

Pope

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Pope writes unhurt — but know, 'tis diff'rent quite
To beard the Lion, and to crush the Mite.
Safe may he dash the Statesman in each Line,
Those dread his Satire, who dare punish mine.

. . . . . .

Turn, turn your Satire then, You cry, to Praise.
Why Praise is Satire, in these sinful Days.
Say, should I make a Patriot of Sir *Bill*;
Or swear that G---'s Duke has Wit at Will,
From the gall'd Knight could I expect a Place?
Or hope to lye a Dinner from his Grace?
Tho' a Reward be graciously bestow'd
On the soft Satire of each Birth-day Ode.

. . . . . .

The Good and Bad alike with Praise are blest;
Yet those who merit most, still want it least:
But conscious Vice still courts the cheering Ray,
While Virtue shines, nor asks the Glare of Day.
Need I to any *Pult'ney*'s Worth declare?
Or tell him *Carteret* charms, who has an Ear?
Or, *Pitt*, can thy Example be unknown,
While each fond Father marks it to his Son?

I can-

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I cannot truckle to a Slave in State,
And praiſe a Blockhead's Wit, becauſe He's great;
Down, down, ye hungry Garreteers, deſcend,
Call †*W---e Burleigh*, call him *Britain's* Friend;
Behold the genial Ray of Gold appear,
And rouze, ye Swarms of *Grubſtreet* and *Rag-fair*.

See with what Zeal yon † tiny Inſect burns,
And follows Queens from Palaces to Urns:
Tho' cruel Death has clos'd the Royal Ear,
The flatt'ring Fly ſtill buzzes round the Bier:
But what avails, ſince Queens no longer live?
Why Kings can read, and Kings, You know, may give.
A Mitre may repay his heav'nly Crown;
And while he decks her Brow, adorn his own.

Let Laureat C---r Birth-day Sonnets ſing,
Or *Fanny* crawl, an Ear-wig on the King;
While one is void of Wit, and one of Grace,
Why ſhould I envy either Song or Place?

† See theſe two Characters compar'd in the *Gazetteers*; but leſt none of thoſe Papers ſhould have eſcap'd their common Fate, ſee the two Characters diſtinguiſh'd in the *Craftſman*.

† A certain Court Chaplain, who wrote or rather ſtole a Character of the late Q——n from Dr. *Burnet's* Character of Queen *Mary*.

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I could not flatter, the rich Butt to gain;
Nor ſink a Slave, to riſe *V- -e C-----n.*

PERISH my Verſe, whene'er one venal Line
Bedaubs a Duke, or makes a King divine.
Firſt bid me ſwear, He's ſound who has the Plague
Or *Horace* rivals *Stanhope* at the *Hague.*
What, ſhall I turn a Pander to the Throne,
And liſt with † *B--ll* to roar for Half-a-Crown?
Sooner *T--r---l* ſhall with *Tully* vie:
Or *W-n---n* in Senate ſcorn a ---
Sooner *Iberia* tremble for her Fate
From *M----b*'s Arms, or *Ab---n*'s Debate.

THO' fawning Flatt'ry ne'er ſhall taint my Lays,
Yet know, when Virtue calls, I burſt to praiſe.
Behold yon * Temple rais'd by *Cobham*'s Hand,
Sacred to Worthies of his native Land:
Ages were ranſack'd for the Wiſe and Great,
Till *Barnard* came, and made the Groupe compleat.
Be *Barnard* there --- enliven'd by the Voice,
Each Buſto bow'd, and ſanctify'd the Choice.

* A noted Agent to a Mob-Regiment, who is employ'd to reward their venal Vociferations on certain Occaſions, with Half-a-Crown each Man.

† The Temple of *Britiſh* Worthies in the Gardens at *Stow*, in which the Lord *Cobham* has lately erected the Buſto of Sir *John Barnard.*

POINT-

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POINTLESS all Satire in theſe iron Times,
Too faint are Colours, and too feeble Rhimes.
Riſe then, gay Fancy, future Glories bring,
And ſtretch o'er happier Days thy healing Wing.

RAPT into Thought, Lo! I *Britannia* ſee
Riſing ſuperiour o'er the ſubject Sea;
View her gay Pendants ſpread their ſilken Wings,
Big with the Fate of Empires and of Kings:
The tow'ring Barks dance lightly o'er the Main,
And roll their Thunder thro' the Realms of *Spain*.
Peace, violated Maid, they ask no more,
But waft her back triumphant to our Shore;
While buxom *Plenty*, laughing in her Train,
Glads ev'ry Heart, and crowns the Warriour's Pain.
On Fancy, on! ſtill ſtretch the pleaſing Scene,
And bring fair *Freedom* with her golden Reign;
Chear'd by whoſe Beams ev'n meagre Want can ſmile,
And the poor Peaſant whiſtle 'midſt his Toil.

SUCH Days, what *Briton* wiſhs not to ſee?
And ſuch each *Briton*, FRED'RICK, hopes from Thee.

FINIS.

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THE

STATE DUNCES.

INSCRIBED TO

Mr. *POPE.*

I from my Soul sincerely hate
Both —— and M———rs of State.

SWIFT.

LONDON:
Printed in the Year MDCCXXXIX.

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THE STATE DUNCES.

INSCRIBED TO

Mr. *POPE.*

HILE cringing Crowds at faithleſs Levees wait,
Fond to be Fools of Fame, or Slaves of State,
And others, ſtudious to encreaſe their Store,
Plough the rough Ocean for *Peruvian* Ore;
How bleſt thy Fate whom calmer Hours attend,
Peace thy Companion, Fame thy faithful Friend;
While in thy *Twick'nham* Bow'rs, devoid of Care,
You feaſt the Fancy, and enchant the Ear;
Thames gently rolls her ſilver Tide along,
And the charm'd *Naiads* liſten to thy Song.

Here

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Here peaceful paſs the gentle Hours away,
While tuneful Science meaſures out the Day!
Here happy Bard, as various Fancies lead,
You paint the blooming Maid, or flow'ry Mead;
Sound the rough Clangour of tumultuous *War*, *
Or Sing the *raviſh'd Tendrils* of the *Fair*! §
Now melting move the tender Tear to flow,
And wake our Sighs with *Eloiſa*'s woe. ||
But chief to *Dulneſs* ever Foe decreed,
The *Apes* of Science with thy *Satire* bleed; †
P--rs, *Poets*, *Panders*, mingled in the Throng,
Smart with thy Touch, and tremble at thy Song. **

Yet vain, O *Pope*! is all thy ſhurpeſt Rage,
Still ſtarv'ling *Dunces* perſecute the Age;
Faithful to Folly, or enrag'd with Spite,
Still *taſteleſs Timons* build, and *Tibbalds* write;
†† Still *Welſtead* tunes his Beer-inſpired Lays,
And *Ralph*, in Metre, holds forth *Stanhope*'s Praiſe:

* *Homer*. § Rape of the Lock || *Eloiſa* to *Abelard*.
† Dunciad. ** Epiſtles.

†† Still *Welſtead*, And *Ralph*] Two Authors, remarkable for nothing ſo much as the Figure they make in the *Dunciad*, where Mr. *Pope* has condeſcended to drag them from Obſcurity, and *damn* them with *Immortality*; yet they have both ventur'd out in Print ſince they were enter'd Dunces on Record; the one in a few bad Verſes againſt Mr. *Pope*'s *Taſte*, the other in a dull Epiſtle to Lord *Cheſterfield*; but both theſe Pieces are as entirely loſt to Fame and Memory, as their Authors are to Modeſty and Common Senſe.

Ah!

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Ah! *hapleſs* Victim to the Poet's Flame,
While his Eulogiums crucify thy Fame.

Shall embrio Wits thy ſtudious Hours engage,
Live in thy Labours, and *prophane* thy Page;
While Virtue, ever-lov'd, demands thy Lays,
And claims the tuneful Tribute of thy Praiſe?
Can *Pope* be ſilent, and not grateful lend,
One Strain to ſing the *Patriot* and the *Friend*;
Who nobly anxious in his Country's Cauſe,
Maintains her Honours, and defends her Laws:
Could I, my Bard, but equal Numbers raiſe,
Then would I ſing --- for oh! I burſt to praiſe:
Sing how a *Pult'ney* charms the liſt'ning Throng,
While *Senates* hang enraptur'd on his Tongue;
With *Tully*'s Fire how each Oration glows,
In *Tully*'s Muſic, how each Period flows;
Inſtruct each Babe to liſp the Patriot's Name,
Who in each Boſom breathes a *Roman* Flame.

So when the *Genius* of the *Roman* Age
Stemm'd the ſtrong Torrent of tyrannic Rage,
In Freedom's Cauſe each glowing Breaſt he warm'd,
And like a *Pult'ney*, then a *Brutus* charm'd.

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How bleſt, while we a *Britiſh Brutus* ſee,
And all the *Roman* ſtands conſeſt in Thee!
Equal thy Worth, but equal were thy Doom,
To ſave *Britannia* as he reſcu'd *Rome*;
He from a *Tarquin* ſnatch'd the deſtin'd Prey,
Britannia, ſtill laments a *W*----'s Sway.

Ariſe, my tuneful *Bard*, nor thus in vain
Let thy *Britannia*, whom thou lov'ſt, complain:
If Thou in moanful Lays relate her Woe,
Each Heart ſhall bleed, each Eye with Pity flow:
If to Revenge you ſwell the ſounding Strain,
Revenge and Fury fire each *Britiſh* Swain:
Obſequious to thy Verſe each Breaſt ſhall move,
Or burn with Rage, or ſoften into Love.

O let *Britannia* be her Poet's Care!
And laſh the *Spoiler*, while you ſave the *Fair*.
Lo! where he ſtands, amidſt the *ſervile Crew*;
Nor Bluſhes ſtain his Cheek with crimſon Hue,
While dire *Corruption* all around he ſpreads,
And e'ry *ductile Conſcience* captive leads:
Brib'd by his Boons, behold the *venal* Band,
Worſhip the *Idol* they could once command:

So

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So *Britain's* now, as *Judah's* Sons before,
First raise a GOLDEN CALF, and then adore.

Let dull *Parnassian* Sons of Rhime, no more
Provoke thy Satire, and employ thy Pow'r;
New Objects rise to share an equal Fate,
The *big*, *rich*, *mighty*, *Dunces* of the *State*.
Shall *Ralph*, *Cooke*, *Welsted*, then engross thy Rage,
While Courts afford a *H*----, *Y*----, or *G*----;
Dullness no more roosts only near the Sky,
But *Senates*, *Drawing-rooms*, with Garrets vye;
Plump P--rs, and breadless Bards, alike are dull,
St. *James's* and *Rag-fair*, club Fool for Fool.

Amidst the *mighty Dull*, behold how great
An *Appius* swells the *Tibbald* of the State;
Long had he strove to spread his lawless Sway
O'er *Britain's* Sons, and force them to obey;
But blasted all his blooming Hopes, he flies
To vent his Woe, and mourn his lost Ex--se.

Pensive he sat, and sigh'd, while round him lay
Loads of dull Lumber, all inspir'd by *Pay*:

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Here, puny Pamphlets, ſpun from *Prelates* Brains;
There, the ſmooth Jingle of *Cook's* lighter Strains:
Here, *Walſingham's* ſoft lulling Opiates ſpread;
There gloomy *Osborn's* Quinteſſence of Lead:
With theſe the *Stateſman* ſtrove to eaſe his Care,
To ſooth his Sorrows, and divert Deſpair;
But long his Grief Sleep's gentle Aid denies,
At length a ſlumb'rous *Briton* clos'd his Eyes.

Yet vain the healing Balm of downy Reſt,
To chaſe his Woe, or eaſe his lab'ring Breaſt;
Now frightful Forms riſe hideous to his View,
More, *Strafford*, *Laud*, and all the headleſs Crew;
Daggers and *Halters* boding, Terror breeds,
And here a *Dudley* ſwings, there *Villiers* bleeds.

Now Goddeſs *Dulneſs*, watchful o'er his Fate,
And ever anxious for her Child of State,
From Couch of Down, ſlow rais'd her drowſy Head,
Forſook her Slumbers, and to *Appius* ſped.

Awake, my Son, Awake, the Goddeſs cries,
Nor longer mourn thy darling loſt Ex--ſe;
Here the ſad Sound unſeal'd the Stateſman's Eyes)
Why

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Why ſlumbers thus my Son, oppreſt with Care,
While *Dulneſs* rules, ſay, ſhall her Sons deſpair?
O'er all I ſpread my univerſal Sway,
K--gs, *P——tes*, *P---rs*, and *Rulers* all obey:
Lo! in the *Church* my mighty Pow'r I ſhew,
In Pulpit preach, and ſlumber in the Pew;
The *Bench* and *Bar* alike my Influence owns,
Here prate my *Magpies*, and there doze my *Drones*.
In the grave Dons, how formal is my Mien,
Who rule the Gallipots of *Warwick-Lane*:
At Court behold me ſtrut in *Purple Pride*,
At *Hockley* roar, and in *Crane-Court* preſide.
But chief in Thee, my mighty Pow'r is ſeen,
'Tis I inſpire thy Mind, and fill thy Mien;
On Thee, my Child, my duller Bleſſings ſhed,
And pour my Opium o'er thy fav'rite Head;
Rais'd Thee a Ruler of *Britannia*'s Fate,
And led Thee blund'ring to the Helm of State.

Here bow'd the Stateſman low, and thus addreſt:
O Goddeſs, ſole Inſpirer of my Breaſt!
To gall the *Britiſh* Neck with *Gallic* Chain,
Long have I ſtrove, but long have ſtrove in vain;
While

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While *Caleb*, Rebel to thy ſacred Pow'r,
Unveils thoſe Eyes which thou haſt curtain'd o'er;
Makes *Britain*'s Sons my dark Deſigns foreſee,
Blaſt all my Schemes, and ſtruggle to be free.
O had my Projects met a milder Fate,
How had I reign'd a Baſhaw of the State!
How o'er *Britannia* ſpread m' Imperial Sway!
How taught each free-born *Briton* to obey!
No ſmiling Freedom then had chear'd her Swains,
But *Aſia*'s Deſarts vy'd with *Albion*'s Plains: [thee,
Turks, *Vandals*, BRITAIN! then compar'd with
Had hugg'd their Chains, and joy'd that they were
While wond'ring Nations all around had ſeen [free;
Me riſe a Great *Mogul*, or *Mazarin*:
Then had I taught *Britannia* to adore,
Then led her Captive to my lawleſs Pow'r.
Methinks I view her now no more appear
Firſt in the Train, and Faireſt 'midſt the Fair;
Joyleſs I ſee the lovely Mourner lye,
Nor glow her Cheek, nor ſparkle now her Eye;
Faded each Grace, no ſmiling Feature warm;
Torn all her Treſſes, blighted ev'ry Charm;
Nor teeming Plenty now each Valley crowns,
Slaves are her Sons, and *Tradeleſs* all her Towns.

For

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For this, behold yon *peaceful Army* fed;
For this, on *Senates* see my Bounty shed;
For this, what Wonders, Goddess have I wrought!
How bully'd, begg'd, how treated, and how fought!
What wand'ring Maze of Error blunder'd thro',
And how repair'd old Blunders still by new!
Hence the long Train of never-ending Jars,
Of *warful Peaces*, and of *peaceful Wars*,
Each *mystic Treaty* of the mighty Store,
Which to explain, demands *ten Treaties* more:
Hence *Scarecrow Navies*, *floating Raree-Shows*,
And hence *Iberia's* Pride, and *Britain's* Woes.
These wondrous Works, O Goddess have I done,
Works ever worthy *Dulness'* fav'rite Son.

Lo! on thy Sons alone my Favours shower,
None share my Bounty that disdain thy Pow'r:
Yon *Feathers*, *Ribbons*, Titles light as Air,
Behold thy choicest Children only share;
Each views the *Pageant* with admiring Eyes,
And fondly grasps the visionary Prize;
Now proudly spreads his *Leading-string* of State,
And thinks to be a *Wretch* is to be *Great*.

But

But turn, O Goddeſs, turn thine Eyes, and view
The darling *Leaders* of thy gloomy Crew.

Full open-mouth'd *N*-----*e* there behold,
Aping a *Tully*, ſwell into a *Scold*,
Grievous to mortal Ear; --- As at the place
Were loud-tongu'd Virgins vend the ſcaly Race,
Harſh Peals of vocal Thunder fill the Skies,
And ſtunning Sounds in hideous Diſcord riſe;
So when he tries the wondrous Pow'r of Noiſe,
Each hapleſs Ear's a Victim to his Voice.
How bleſt, O *Cheſelden!* whoſe Art can mend
Thoſe Ears *N*-----*e* was ordain'd to rend.

See *H*-----*n* ſecure in ſilence ſit,
No empty Words betray his Want of Wit;
If Senſe in hiding Folly is expreſs'd,
O *H*-----*n*, thy Wiſdom ſtands confeſs'd.

To *Dulneſs* ſacred Cauſe for ever true,
Thy darling *Caledonian*, Goddeſs view,
The Pride and Glory of thy *Scotia*'s Plains,
And faithful Leader of her *venal* Swains,

Loaded

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Loaded he moves beneath a ſervile Weight,
The dull laborious *Packhorſe* of the State;
Drudges thro' Tracks of Infamy for *Pay*,
And hackneys out his Conſcience by the Day:
Yonder behold the buſy *peerleſs Peer*,
With Aſpect meagre and important Air;
His Form how *Gothic*, and his Looks how Sage!
He ſeems the living *Plato* of the Age.
Bleſt Form! in which alone thy Merit's ſeen,
Since all thy *Wiſdom* centers in thy *Mien!*

Here *B---*, *A--b---le* (for Senates fit)
And *W------by* the Wiſe in Council ſit:
Here Looby *G---n*, *Gr---m* ever dull,
By Birth a *Senator*, by Fate a *F--l*.

While theſe, *Britannia*, watchful o'er thy State,
Maintain thine Honours, and direct thy Fate,
How ſhall admiring Nations round adore,
Behold thy Greatneſs, tremble at thy Pow'r,
How *Sheba's* come, invited by thy Fame,
Revere thy Wiſdom, and extol thy Name!

Lo! to yon *Bench* now, Goddeſs, turn thine Eyes,
And view thy Sons in ſolemn Dulneſs riſe,

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All doating, wrinkled, grave, and gloomy, ſee
Each Form confeſs thy dull Divinity;
True to thy Cauſe behold each *trenchar'd Sage*
Increas'd in Folly as advanc'd in Age:
Here *Ch---r*, learn'd in myſtic Prophecy,
Confuting *Collins*, makes each Prophet lie:
Poor *Woolſton* by thy *Smallbrook* there aſſail'd,
Goals ſure convinc'd him, tho' the *Prelate* fail'd.

But chief *Paſtorius*, ever grave and dull,
Devoid of Senſe, of Zeal divinely full,
Retails his Squibs of Science o'er the Town,
While *Charges*, *Paſt'rals*, thro' each Street reſound;
Theſe teach a heav'nly *Jeſus* to obey,
While thoſe maintain an earthly *Appius* Sway.
Thy Goſpel Truth, *Paſtorius*, croſt we ſee, *
While *God* and *Mammon*'s ſerv'd at once by Thee.

Who would not trim, ſpeak, vote, or Conſcience pawn,
To lord it o'er a See, and ſwell in Lawn?
If Arts like theſe, O *S-------k*, Honours claim,
Than Thee none merits more the Prelate's Name:

* A Prelate noted for writing Spiritual Paſtorals and Temporal Charges; in the one he endeadours to ſerve the Cauſe of Chriſtianity, in the other the Mammon of a Miniſtry.

Wond'ring

Wond'ring behol him faithful to his Fee,
Prove Parliaments *dependent* to be free;
In Senates blunder, flounder, and diſpute,
For ever reas'ning, never to confute.
Since Courts for this their fated Gifts decree,
Say what is Reputation to a *See*?

Lo! o'er yon Flood *H--e* caſts his low'ring Eyes,
And wiſhful ſees the rev'rend Turrets riſe.
While *Lambeth* opens to thy longing View,
Hapleſs! the *Mitre* ne'er can bind thy Brow:
Tho' Courts ſhould deign the Gift, how wond'rous hard
By thy own Doctrines ſtill to be debarr'd;
For if from *Change* † ſuch mighty Evil ſpringe,
Tranſlations ſure, O *H--e*! are ſinful Things.

Theſe Rulers ſee, and nameleſs Numbers more,
O Goddeſs, of thy Train the choiceſt Store,
Who Ignorance in Gravity entrench,
And grace alike the *Pulpit* and the *Bench*.

Full plac'd and penſion'd ſee *H-r--o* ſtands;
Begrim'd his Face, unpurify'd his Hands;

† A noted Sermon preached on the 30th of January on this Text, *Woe be unto them that are given to Change*, &c.

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To Decency he ſcorns all nice pretence,
And reigns firm Foe to Cleanlineſs and Senſe.
How did *H-r---o* BRITAIN's Cauſe advance!
How ſhine the *Sloven* and *Buffoon* of *France*,
In Senates now, how ſcold, how rave, how roar,
Of *Treaties* run the tedious train-trow o'er!
How blunder out whate'er ſhould be conceal'd,
And how keep ſecret what ſhould be reveal'd!
True Child of *Dulneſs!* ſee him, Goddeſs, claim
Pow'r next myſelf, as next in Birth and Fame.

Silence! ye Senates, while entribban'd *Y----e*
Pours forth melodious Nothings from his Tongue!
How ſweet the Accents play around the Ear,
Form'd of ſmooth Periods, and of well-tun'd Air!
Leave, gentle *Y--e*, the Senate's dry Debate,
Nor labour 'midſt the Labyrinths of State;
Suit thy ſoft Genius to more tender Themes,
And ſing of cooling Shades, and purling Streams;
With modern Sing-ſong murder ancient Plays, †
Or warble in ſweet Ode a *Brunſwick*'s Praiſe:

† This Gentleman, with the Aſſiſtance of *Roome*, *Concanen*, and ſeveral others, committed a barbarous Murder on the Body of an old Comedy, by turning it into a modern Ballad Opera; which was ſcarce exhibited on the Stage, before it was thought neceſſary to be contracted into one Act.

As

So shall thy Strains in purer *Dulness* flow,
And Laurels wither on a *C-bb-*'s Brow.
Say, can the Statesman wield the Poet's Quill,
And quit the *Senate* for *Parnassus*' Hill?
Since there no venal Vote a Pension shares,
Nor wants *Apollo* Lords Commissioners.

There *W*——— and *P*———, Goddess, view,
Firm in thy Cause, and to thy *Appius* true?
Lo! from their Labours what Reward betides!
One pays my Army, one my Navy guides.

To dance, dress, sing, and serenade the Fair,
" Conduct a Finger, or reclaim a Hair,
O'er baleful Tea with Females taught to blame,
And spread a Slander o'er a Virgin's Fame;
Form'd for these softer Arts shall *H--ey* strain
With stubborn Politicks his tender Brain!
For Ministers laborious Pamphlets write,
In Senates prattle, and with Patriots fight!
Thy fond Ambition, *pretty Youth*, give o'er,
Preside at Balls, old Fashions lost restore;

As this is the only living Instance of the surprizing Genius and Abilities of these Wits, I could not forbear mentioning it.

So

So ſhall each Toiler in thy Cauſe engage,
And *H—ey* ſhine a *P———re* of the Age.

Behold a Star emblazon *C——n's* Coat,
Not that the Knight has Merit, but a Vote.
And here, O Goddeſs, num'rous Wrongheads trace,
Lur'd by a *Penſion*, *Ribband*, or a *Place*.

To murder Science, and my Cauſe defend,
Now Shoals of *Grubſtreet* Garretteers deſcend;
From *Schools* and *Desks* the writing Inſects crawl,
Unlade their Dulneſs, and for *Appius* bawl.

Lo! to thy darling *Osborne* turn thine Eyes,
See him o'er Politicks ſuperior riſe;
While *Caleb* feels the Venom of his Quill,
And wond'ring Miniſters reward his Skill:
Unlearn'd in Logic, yet he writes by Rule,
And proves himſelf in Syllogiſm —— a Fool;
Now flies obedient, War with Senſe to wage,
And drags th' Idea thro' the painful Page:
Unread, unanſwer'd, ſtill he writes again,
Still ſpins the endleſs Cobweb of his Brain;

Charm'd

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Charm'd with each Line, reviewing what he writ,
Bleſſes his Stars, and wonders at his Wit.

Nor leſs, O *Walſingham*, thy Worth appears!
Alike in Merit, tho' unlike in Years:
Ill-fated Youth! what Stars malignant ſhed
Their baneful Influence o'er thy brainleſs Head,
Doom'd to be ever writing, never read!
For Bread to libel Liberty and Senſe,
And damn thy Patron weekly with Defence.
Drench'd in the ſable Flood, O hadſt thou ſtill,
O'er Skins of Parchment drove thy venal Quill,
At *Temple* Ale-houſe told an idle Tale,
And pawn'd thy Credit for a Mug of Ale;
Unknown to *Appius* then had been thy Name,
Unlac'd thy Coat, unſacrific'd his Fame;
Nor vaſt unvended Reams would *Peele* deplore,
As Victims deſtin'd to the Common-Shore.

As Dunce to Dunce in endleſs Numbers breed,
So to *Concanen* ſee a *Ralph* ſucceed,
A tiny Witling of theſe Writing Days,
Full fam'd for tuneleſs Rhimes, and ſhort-liv'd Plays.

Write

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Write on, my *luckless Band*, still unasham'd,
Tho' burnt thy Journals, and thy Drama's damn'd;
'Tis Bread inspires thy Politicks and Lays,
Not Thirst of *Immortality* or *Praise*.

These, Goddess, view the choicest of the Train,
While yet unnumber'd *Dunces* still remain,
Deans, Critics, Lawyers, Bards, a motley Crew,
To *Dulness* faithful, as to *Appius* true.

Enough, the Goddess cries, Enough I've seen;
While these support, secure my Son shall reign;
Still shall thou blund'ring rule *Britannia's* Fate,
Still *Grubstreet* hail Thee *Minister of State*.

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